

THE
SATURDAY
REVIEW

685
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
JUN 9 1928
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No. 3788. Vol. 145.

2 June 1928

REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER

6d.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach Subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE anxiety we expressed last week about the effect of the Nelson dispute on the situation in the cotton trade has unhappily proved well founded. The local lock-out is in force, though the number of idle mills is not at present quite so large as was feared. Some important concerns outside the federation have rejected or postponed closing work, but about two-thirds of the workers are on compulsory holiday. Whether the trouble will spread depends partly on the attitude of employers, partly on the results of Communist intervention: the local workers appear to be sincere in their desire to localize the dispute. We can only hope that all parties will realize the absurdity of dislocating a great and now grievously embarrassed industry because one workman, who may have been uppish, was rebuked by one employer, who may have been lacking in tact. There are very grave issues in the industrial controversy when Lancashire is viewed as a whole, but the affair at Nelson should be seen for what it is, a trivial dispute which, given common sense and good humour, could be composed in a quarter of an hour.

The officer who was accused last summer of having annoyed women in Piccadilly while in a state of intoxication has been informed, in the last week of May, 1928, that the police were very much at fault, and has been offered £500 by way of consolation. The finding of the sub-committee of the Street Offences Committee is so far satisfactory that it affords evidence of willingness to deal frankly with the errors of the Police. But the immense delay in communicating to the victim conclusions which were reached very early in January, and could have been reached even earlier, is inexplicable, and the amount of the compensation offered is absurd. Moreover, the public has a right to protest against the piecemeal treatment of what has become a very serious scandal. It is desirable that justice should be done as between the police and such individuals as Major Murray, Mr. Bateman Champain, Miss Savidge; but what it desires even more is speedy and searching enquiry into the whole procedure of the police in cases of this nature. Its wishes are to be met, in part and in time; why cannot they be met wholly and speedily? Much is at stake. We have had the best police in the world; we must assist the police force to recover its hold on the respect of those whom it serves.



MOTOR—WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT—FIRE—etc.

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If not the procedure, at least the verbal form, of Coroners' inquests needs to be altered. The comfortable British belief that in this country every accused person is treated as innocent until proved guilty has been upset by the finding in the matter of Mrs. Pace and her late husband. The Coroner's jury, on the evidence before them, formed the opinion that the man did not lose his life through natural causes or by his own act. But they could not leave the matter there. By the Coroners Act of 1887 they were required to fasten guilt on some particular person or persons. Thus Mrs. Pace, who has yet to be tried, was by them declared to have administered poison to the dead man. On a strict legal view, such a declaration is no more than a charge, but people in general lump all verdicts together, and until the wording, or the procedure, is changed there must be risks of the jury at the trial being prejudiced by the finding at the inquest. Why should not the Coroner's jury be content to find simply that death was apparently the result of action by some party other than the deceased?

It is not only with reference to Coroners' procedure that there is a case for enquiry. The time has come, it seems to us, when there might usefully be an investigation into the whole question of what we may call trials before true trials. The legal mind and the mind of the instructed layman may be depended upon to distinguish between preliminary proceedings, which result only in a charge, and true verdicts; but as regards the general public there is no small amount of confusion and prejudice. Press publicity brings the results in Magistrates' courts and in Coroners' inquests before a huge body of readers, and whatever the eventual fate of an accused person there does cling to him or her some of the discredit or criminality imputed by the preliminary finding. The motives with which the existing system was established are not in question, but a thorough investigation of its workings would be beneficial. In certain matters Sir William Joynson-Hicks has been compelled to arrange for enquiries. We suggest to him that he should take the initiative in promoting a comprehensive examination of the methods by which the putative offender is brought to trial.

The way of a Balkan Government is hard. Up to the present the only result of the Yugoslav Cabinet's welcome decision to ratify the Nettuno Conventions has been serious anti-Italian demonstrations along the Dalmatian coast and a violent riot in Belgrade. It is useless for the two Governments to talk about friendship while the Nettuno Conventions of 1925, which would clear up many of the causes of disagreement, are not in force. They have long since been ratified in Rome because they gave to Italy much more than to Yugoslavia, but their ratification by Belgrade would be interpreted by the Croats, who predominate in Dalmatia, as an effort by the Serbs to sacrifice them for the *beaux yeux* of Italy. Signor Mussolini, who is to make an important speech on foreign affairs in a day or two and would therefore welcome a sensa-

tional victory, will probably get all the apologies he needs for the anti-Italian demonstrations, for the Yugoslav Government cannot get its loan from London without ratifying the Nettuno agreements. But such a cheap victory will certainly not facilitate ultimate Italo-Yugoslav friendship.

The enthusiasm which greeted General Gouraud when he entered Strasbourg at the head of a French army in November, 1918, is in such violent contrast with the demonstrations which followed the sentence passed upon Dr. Ricklin and his Home Rule colleagues at Colmar last week that one feels M. Gustave Hervé's condemnation of the trial as "this imbecile prosecution" is not misplaced. Having had our own troubles in Ireland we can ill afford to throw stones, but no evidence has been produced to prove that the Alsations who were reluctant to give up that measure of autonomy they had obtained under German rule are anything but patriotic—if occasionally somewhat misguided—Frenchmen. Two of the four men who have been imprisoned are newly elected deputies. Unless M. Poincaré, who has frequently shown an understanding of the problem of Alsace and Lorraine, can intervene to improve the state of affairs, the election of new deputies to replace these men will probably be so disorderly as to create a real Home Rule movement where none should rightly exist.

As was only to be expected, both the Northern and Southern Chinese Governments have refuted in very much the same terms the Japanese claim to keep Manchuria free from civil war. But their common feeling against Japan has not sufficed to abolish their mutual hostility, and at the present moment the two armies, comprising together roughly half a million men, are facing each other along a front roughly a hundred miles south of Peking. Obviously, unless their leaders quickly reach a compromise, there will be nothing for it but a battle. Meanwhile, despite the obstacle placed in their way by Japan in Tsinanfu, General Chiang Kai-shek's armies are slowly moving northwards. In the circumstances it would be ridiculous to attempt a forecast, but it may be taken for granted that Chang Tso-lin is hoping to sell, not his life, but his position, dearly, and to sell it not for blood, but for cash.

The Greek political crisis has been settled, but the settlement is not very satisfactory. Until M. Venizelos suddenly reappeared on the political stage, feeling between Republicans and Royalists was becoming much less bitter and M. Kaphandaris, the Minister of Finance, and M. Michalakopoulos, the Foreign Minister, had won European reputations. M. Venizelos has withdrawn into the background again, M. Zaimis is still Prime Minister, and the composition of the Cabinet has been but slightly changed. But things are not as they were. Royalist suspicions have been revived, the confidence abroad in Greek political stability has been shaken, and the very important Liberal Party has split into two parts—the one led by M. Kaphandaris, and the other led by M. Venizelos, who remains outside

the Chamber. It is unfortunate that M. Venizelos cannot remain content with the laurels he won for himself during the war.

When the League of Nations Council meets on Monday Sir Austen Chamberlain will be the only Foreign Minister of a Great Power present, since illness keeps both M. Briand and Herr Stresemann at home. M. Waldemar, the Lithuanian Prime Minister, and the Foreign Ministers of Poland, Rumania and Holland will presumably be present, but we imagine the British Foreign Secretary would willingly have stayed at home—all the more willingly since the principal political questions on the agenda will have, for one reason or another, to be postponed. But Sir Austen does not forget that he was the author of the unpopular proposal for three instead of four Council meetings a year, and, since he agreed to postpone further discussion of this proposal until the Assembly, it is doubtless his sense of loyalty towards the League and his colleagues on the Council, rather than a very natural desire to see Geneva at the most beautiful period of the year, which has taken him across the Channel. If Sir Austen has not always fully understood the League's spirit, he has never hesitated in his efforts to further its aims.

An Atlantic aeroplane flight is about to be attempted which deserves special attention because it differs fundamentally from all those which have so far been undertaken. Captain Courtney proposes to fly from Europe to America and back, but the fact that he is to try the double trip is the least significant part of his enterprise. All previous Atlantic flights, successful and otherwise, have been gambles. It has been a question of luck whether or not the airmen got across; they have been dependent on their engine and the weather—neither of which they could control. Captain Courtney's attempt is based far more firmly. For the first time an effort is to be made to show that there is a commercial advantage to be gained from Atlantic flights.

The crossing is to be made in a flying boat, able, in case of engine or other failure, to land on the ocean and, if need be, to ride out a storm. Secondly, a network of ground organization has been arranged. Thirdly, the machine is to carry wireless capable not merely of transmitting but of receiving messages, so that constant contact may be kept. Fourthly, the flight is to be made in a series of "hops": starting from Lisbon the proposed calling stations are to be the Azores, Newfoundland, New York, on the outward journey, and, on the return voyage, Montreal and Westminster. The first object of any flight wishing to prove the commercial value of aviation must be to get from point to point quickly with the elimination of every possible risk. By forgoing the purely sensational value of long non-stop journeys (though the Montreal-Westminster flight, if successful, will be dramatic enough) the worst risks of the venture will be avoided. The use of a sea machine with proper ground arrangements and means of communications still further reduces the dangers. For these reasons Captain Courtney's progress should be watched with particular interest.

POLICE AND PEOPLE

WHEN police scandals grow frequent, they become a Home Office scandal. For an isolated scandal blame can be laid on some particular officer, but many scandals point to some defect in the system—in the theory as well as in the practice of police-work—and for that the Home Office must be held directly responsible. The *Morning Post* has done very good service in calling attention to the case of Major Graham Murray. This distinguished officer was arrested in Piccadilly last August on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. The police gave evidence that he had molested two women and "peered into their faces," but these women, although they were said to have been very much annoyed, were not produced to support the evidence of the police. Had Major Murray made no defence there would have been no publicity, and he would have been spared much anxiety. But there are some men who cannot submit to injustice without resisting, and unfortunately for himself, but fortunately for the public, Major Murray is one of them. He not only denied the accusation of the police, but he complained that the police had refused to allow him to telephone to the club that he had just left or to obtain independent medical examination of his sobriety. The magistrate did not believe these allegations against the police, and convicted Major Murray.

His case, as always where a strong defence is put up against police charges, was well reported, and his reputation was besmirched. Accordingly, at very considerable expense, he appealed to the Quarter Sessions, and was there acquitted. "We think Major Murray is vindicated entirely," said the Chairman. A Street Offences Committee was sitting at the time, and the Home Office appointed its Chairman with two other lawyers to investigate the case of Major Murray. It finished its work on January 3, but for months Major Murray failed to get any information about its findings. On Friday of last week the *Morning Post* drew attention to his case. On the following day the Home Office wrote to Major Murray informing him that the Committee had justified him on every point, and that he was to be made an *ex gratia* grant of £500 in view of the "expense and anxiety to which he had been put." That anxiety would have been abbreviated if the Home Office had informed him four months before, as it might and should have done, that the Committee had reported strongly in his favour, and it is difficult to resist the suspicion that the Home Office yielded to fear of publicity what it would not yield to sympathy with a man whom its agents, the police, had cruelly wronged. That is surely a far graver matter than the misconduct of any particular police officer.

If the Home Office had a just view of the relations between the police and the people, its instinct would surely have been to inform Major Murray without a day's delay of the findings of the Committee. True, Major Murray had already been acquitted on appeal, but the appointment of a Committee was in effect the third trial of his case, and showed a reluctance to accept the result of the second trial at its face value.

Evidently the Home Office regarded itself as an impugned party along with the police, and Major Murray as a hostile witness, an innocent rebel against authority, but still a rebel. That policemen make mistakes we all know, but that the instinct of the Home Office should be to side with the police against the public points to something very seriously wrong, and it is to this wider aspect of the case that Parliament should direct its attention.

During the war the Government claimed a right to regulate our lives with the utmost minuteness; there was nothing that we did or left undone which might not be held to be improving or hindering our chances of victory; and in war individual rights count for nothing, be their opposition to the national cause ever so slight and fanciful. The psychology of war has persisted into the peace; Government departments that have enjoyed the power of detailed regulation of our lives will not willingly relinquish it; the army in the field has been disbanded, but the whole mass of the population is regarded as a peace army subject to the control of Government officials and their agents. It is all very well-meaning and its motives are highly patriotic; but unless government is kept within its own proper sphere the liberty of the subject is at an end. Parliament must sharply remind the departments that they are the servants, not the masters. All of them are infected with the same vice, and it is Sir William Joynson-Hicks's misfortune, not his fault, that the interferences of his department with liberty are such as are immediately felt and resented.

The first principle that should be laid down is that the police are not the guardians of public morals. Their business is to protect the plain citizen from annoyance in his walks abroad, not to maintain a moral code, however reasonable that may be in itself. Solicitation in the streets and improprieties in the parks are objectionable on moral grounds, but they are no concern of the police unless there is evidence of nuisance.

What this suggestion amounts to is that no one should be convicted on charges of this nature on the unsupported evidence of the police. It may well be that certain offences which are morally bad may obtain a certain degree of licence by the adoption of this principle; but that is a less serious danger than the danger of injustice to the innocent individual. Better England free than England sober without freedom; and the same principle is capable of wide and varied application. Apart from liberty to do wrong, there is no morality possible.

There is a wholesome distinction of the law between felonies and misdemeanours. In the first, which are offences against our Lord the King, his crown and dignity, the police are very properly given the right of preventive arrest; in the majority of misdemeanours the essence of the wrong is the offence against an individual and there should be definite evidence of injury. We suggest that the time has come when the whole practice of the police in regard to police court offences should be enquired into by an authoritative Commission. We make no imputation against the police individually. It may well be that their instructions are unwise and unworkable; it may be that the time has come to make

important changes in police court practice. Our Home Office, if it conceived its functions wisely, should be the first to suggest such enquiries for the future protection of public liberty.

HORRORS OF THE ROAD

WHITSUNTIDE found the roads of England more crowded this year than ever before. So many people now own motor cars that most of the pleasure of motoring has gone; on main roads at holiday time the "run into the country" is reduced to a dreary procession, from which the scenery is chiefly composed of other motor cars, petrol filling-stations and gawdy signs. The main-road motorist hardly sees the real country: his notions—as we have often observed them—of rural seclusion and the open-air life are confined to spoiled landscapes and bad hotels, or to tinned-salmon sandwiches eaten in a closed saloon body to the accompaniment of the latest dance music from a portable gramophone with a traffic obligato. It is strange that large numbers of people seem to be satisfied with this kind of thing, but there are many others who are by no means content with the dual ruination of the countryside and of their own finances which is being forced upon them. It is bad enough to have eye and ear incessantly offended when on the move; insult is added to injury by the offence to palate and pocket which is inflicted on the motorist when he halts at hotel or garage.

The average English "country" hotel is a disgrace to the nation. There are some good ones, of course, but they are hard to find. It is sheer waste of money to run a "Come to Britain" movement while our hotel proprietors and managers do their worst to keep visitors away. One can never be sure of getting a decent meal; often one is fleeced into the bargain. We know of a public-spirited man who makes it a practice, and maintains that it is the duty of everyone to do likewise, to order an omelette whenever he finds himself in a country hotel. In course of time, he contends, he will teach English cooks how to make them, and in the meantime he is prepared to suffer in a good cause. Either it has never been our good fortune to follow where he has been first or else his educational experiment has been a failure. In the ordinary roadside hotel it remains almost impossible to get even so simple a dish as an omelette cooked reasonably well. Instead the guest is offered the inevitable over-done mutton, with spiritless mint-sauce, watery potatoes and a wedge of cabbage; to follow, prunes, or tinned peaches, with custard and some antiquarian cheese. The alternative to this kind of meal is the highly pretentious six-course sort, with a menu in English-French ("Veg. *au choix*") and prices to match. The happy medium is seldom struck. Of the two extremes the first is probably preferable because it costs less in cash and in alimentary anxiety; the over-elaborate meal is always bad because it is monstrously expensive and because it over-taxes the capacity of cook and kitchen.

The pride of the inn-keeper in his house, his interest in the comfort of his guests, are but seldom to be found. He is making plenty of money and is

too blind to see that with better service and lower charges he could make a great deal more. Many of these hotels are run by large organizations with central headquarters and often the fact is manifest all over the building. The service is impersonal and grudging; the *menu* gives an impression of having been dictated from London by telephone or posted overnight, neatly multigraphed, to all the hotels in the system. Imagination, enterprise, are unknown. The meals bear no relation to the weather. If you ask for ice you are given a pitying smile; if you dare to suggest that such and such a charge is too high you are rewarded with the scorn which only the *élite* of snobbism knows how to bestow on the unwealthy.

What is true of hotel prices is also true of garage prices. In far too many instances they are extortionate. Why cannot the Automobile Association and the Royal Automobile Club, which exist for the convenience and protection of motorists, bring pressure to bear on hotels and garages to guarantee better service and a more reasonable tariff? It would not be difficult for these organizations to fix a scale of maximum charges for bedrooms, meals and repairs and to grant their official appointments only to those hotels and garages that accepted the scale and abode by it. As things are, a motorist can never be certain what he will be charged or what service he will get. The "star" system adopted by the A.A. is not enough: what the motorist wants is a fixed price at a reasonable level and to be sure that it will nowhere be exceeded. Where it is, he can report the matter to the association and the offending hotel or garage can be struck off the roll and the fact intimated to subscribers. The two motoring associations are between them powerful enough and wealthy enough to do this. Let them do it. They will be helping not only motorists, but the hotel-keepers themselves and all who would like to see a slur on the country removed.

While they are at it they might also exert more influence in defence of rural scenery. Under Clause 5 of the Petroleum (Amendment) Bill local authorities are to be empowered to regulate the sites and designs of petrol filling-stations, which at present are spoiling so many roadsides and villages. In educating public taste in this and like matters the A.A. and the R.A.C. can do valuable work. It will be work strictly in the interests of the country-loving motorist; for unless drastic steps are taken to preserve what remains of the countryside there will soon be none left to preserve. Are they doing their best to this end? The modern desire to have everything made easy may justify the plastering of villages and roads with name-signs and directions; but if it is necessary to announce the name of every hamlet and of every bridge spanning a stream or ditch, must it be done in the particular form and colour that are now chosen? The glaring yellow discs, and the rather mean little signs swinging on white posts beside bridges, often spoil the harmony of the surrounding scenery. The programme-passion of a spoon-fed population must not be too readily pampered. Direction posts at points of divergence are necessary, and name-signs in the larger towns, but elsewhere the yellow fever must be kept under. Otherwise the horrors of the road will grow intolerable.

C. E. MONTAGUE

BY IVOR BROWN

THE golden afternoon of Whit Monday went black for me in an instant when I saw in an evening paper that C. E. Montague was dead. Incredible, intolerable that he could be lying cold on such a day. Except for a mop of snowy hair he never appeared to achieve even a middling age. Nor Manchester, nor journalism, nor peace, nor war could diminish him and he was nearly sixty when he became a Cotswold lad. When I saw him a month ago at Burford, he seemed ready for anything, be it Alpine or Parnassian. He was making journeys to Stratford to do some festival play-going. None of the players, I suppose, knew who was among them any more than the mountains knew, when his loving pressure was upon them, that they were to be made quick with his prose. Had they known and had they understood, they would have felt awed or exultant; for not one of the great critics of our own time has so seized and surveyed and beautified (the word is not so vile) the player's art as Montague. To me 'Dramatic Values' is the finest piece of critical writing evoked by the theatre. This is, of course, no matter for dogmatism; personal and professional contacts may have given me a too favouring bias. In any case comparative judgments about the master-critics of the last thirty or forty years are bound to be more contentious than creative. He who now works in the craft can only say which book he can least spare and I would sooner lose Shaw's 'Dramatic Opinions' than Montague's 'Dramatic Values.'

Of his contemporaries and colleagues in play-going some were more highly specialized in the technical issues of the stage and the stalls. Archer gave Ibsenite law to Philistia and Shaw was a law unto himself. Walkley did some notable jousting on the high horse and then dismounted in order to watch and to record the fun of the fair. The old crusader who had tilted for Reform became the world's best trifter with the world's worst plays. But Montague was never a critic to be placed or limited. As a workaday journalist he was compact of general knowledge and superbly trained in the use of it. He made the theatre, the whole theatre from Robey to Æschylus, a province of his empire. He liked it all, ancient ritual, French rhetoric, the salted speech of Wilde, the red nose of the droll, the naughty genius of Bernhardt, and the classic correctitude of Forbes Robertson. He was a man who believed that things are meant to be enjoyed. The theatre did, despite its dull repetitions and routines and flabbiness and fustian, enlarge the range of creation and experience and receptivity. So Montague went out as happily to see and understand Ibsen as to snap up in the music-hall that unforgettable glimpse of Robey, "leering with imbecile know- ingness, Stiggins and Bardolph and Ally Sloper in one."

I have disclaimed the "placing" of critics, but the habit is of Nature and resists the expelling fork. As a portrait-painter of the players Montague did surely stand alone in our time. In his essay on Coquelin, Walkley dismissed the great man's aspect airily, "restless, twinkling eyes, peeping from under fleshy lids, flexible gash of a mouth, 'trumpet' nose, heavy muzzle—the traditional comic mask." Now listen to Montague:

Coquelin's face was the true comic mask; the voluminous, mobile chin; the long upper lip that at will would let down like a drop curtain or curl back over the teeth in every width of smile or grin from Tartuffe's to a yokel's; the tilted, sensitive nose—it seemed to flick like a terrier's; the eyes, surrounded, as those of some orators are, with concentric folds and radiating spokes of working muscle, every twitch

a unit in a code of symbols waiting for the executant purpose to combine and recombine them into curious significances; the voice, not sweet, but ringing, penetrating, supple, and, at need, megaphonic or rushing and soaring up, rocket-wise, as Mr. Henry James has described it, to the hushed dome of the theatre.

There is no counter to such verbal draughtsmanship as this. How now, Capulet?

We critics seem poor enough cattle at the time. We are the patient oxen of the stalls, striving to plod on and keep the passion fresh. We have ringing in our ears all the age-long jests about last refuges of the incapable and the disappointed. "Those who can, do: those who cannot, teach," wrote Shaw when he had ceased from instruction. But teaching, after all, is very little of the business, unless it be to teach the public. And there the criticism of the past generation did surely prevail. It was by slow, steady persuasion of the recruits who came to do theatrical journalism in the 'eighties and 'nineties that the English theatre was rescued from its Victorian trivialities and its Clement-Scottish reels and flings. Along with the superb drum-beating and flag-waving of the Irvingites, a few ideas were at last permitted to insert themselves. The last sentence of 'Dramatic Values' states a belief that "we shall have a chance of feeling some time or other before we are dead that at some real turning-point in the history of the English theatre we were on the side that was right then and that afterwards won." This "right side," for which the big critics of the day were fighting, had nothing intolerant or priggish in its composition. They insisted that there was a necessity of drama in any national culture worth the name, and that the stage must accept the best thought and feeling of the time instead of driving it away into the study and the reading-room. Some of them, particularly Montague and Shaw, saw the arts as essential to national hygiene and as much a public responsibility as drains and dust-carts. These voices have not yet persuaded our senators, and the sole concern of our State with the theatre to-day is to tax, to pester, and to persecute. Here sits a Censor, there lurks a plain-clothes policeman striving to lure some wretched pioneer into infringing an idiot law. That is the English answer to the State theatres of other lands.

The critics who cared for the freedom and dignity of the stage did not win, but they have left followers who have no less a purpose. Montague cared about the honour of the stage as he cared about the honour of his country. But he was far more than a theatrical publicist, and his criticism of acting was of the sort that gives life after the grave. Who that has read him can forget Janet Achurch and Courtenay Thorpe, and their response to the challenge that is in Mrs. Alving's last scene with Oswald:

As happens at rare moments in the theatre, the emotion rose to the heat at which first it fuses into one whole and then, to your sense, consumes clean away the very means of its own presentation—the force or music of words, the fine flexure of gesture and tone, the aptness of surroundings; tragedy burned up the lamp that had held it and flamed like a star, unconditioned and absolute.

It was the strength of Montague's dramatic criticism that the night at the play was only a small fraction of his work. It is a sensible editorial theory that the complete specialist is dangerous, and that a good critic of an art must also be a good leader-writer or essayist on any general topic. It has been true from Aristotle to Hazlitt and from Hazlitt to Montague. He was never badgered, like the London critics of our time, with a play a day; had he been he might have retired to a more exclusive cultivation of geography, about which he wrote to perfection, or even of politics, which turned his pen into a sword of fire. It was blessed fortune for the art and the artists that he took the stage in his questing survey

of man's works and pleasures. For he gave life to the one and more than life to the others. His praise was to the players as the pearl to the ancients, a symbol of survival and a pledge of perpetuity.

A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Oxford, May 28, 1928

EIGHTS Week and Whitsuntide and summer weather in a rare conjunction have made Oxford for the moment an incredibly populous town. Driving down the Turl into the High with the idea of getting over Carfax one must not be surprised to have to turn left and go four hundred yards in the wrong direction in order to join the end of the queue of westbound cars somewhere about Logic Lane. Often lately this stationary line has stretched two deep for more than half the length of the High; Hammersmith Broadway itself could hardly put up a more impressive show.

The opinion is gaining ground that the University as well as the city is in danger of outgrowing its strength. The rumour that another college called St. Peter's was about to be founded created little enthusiasm, and it is at least doubtful whether either the Hebdomadal Council or Congregation would assent to such a project. The promoters, in announcing that at present they only intend to launch a small Hall in New Inn Hall Street as a memorial to Bishop Chavasse, have shown that they are not out of touch with the atmosphere of the University. The new Hall, which is to be under the present Rector of St. Aldate's, will apparently be a further sectarian institution having no university status at first, but aiming at eventual admission to the privileged ranks. Although, therefore, it does not immediately concern the University, it raises the question of the attitude to be adopted towards new foundations, which is likely sooner or later to come to a head in a struggle possibly as keen as last year's battle over the increase of women.

Oxford, of course, is far from being the largest British University—London has three times as many students—but Dr. Flexner's lectures have emphasized how far short London falls of being an organic university, and unless her new constitution works surprisingly well she must remain a warning against the dangers of uncontrolled expansion. The fact that Cambridge is raising her notoriously low entrance standards is presumably a sign that she also is applying the brake, apparently scorning the suggestion that a ban on dictionaries in Latin unseen might prejudice her athletic supremacy. Undoubtedly Cambridge has reaped many first-class athletes who were ploughed at Oxford originally, and the restriction of this one-sided traffic is all to the good. But Oxford, under increasing pressure, must raise her academic standard until a balance between supply and demand is struck, or provide a strong temptation to the expansion of existing colleges and the foundation of new ones. The gradual elimination of pass schools is favoured by some heads of colleges, and in Balliol and New College only candidates for the Honour Schools are taken, although in practice exceptions occur, and even Balliol has been known to forgive failure in the Law Prelim. up to seven terms running when prowess with various kinds of ball supplied redeeming circumstances.

The entire exclusion of pass men would involve a definite loss in qualities not less valuable to Oxford than success in examinations or in games, and would indirectly strengthen the grammar-school element, which is strong enough in any case. It is already more or less understood that immoderate

expansion on the part of any existing college would be regarded as an unfriendly act, and the solution will probably take the form of an official intimation, such as was given to the women's colleges last year that any further growth of the University will only be tolerated within narrow and specified limits.

There is also supposed to be a superabundance of University clubs and societies, which are looked upon with a jealous eye as rivalling essays, games, and motor-cars in their claim on the undergraduate's time. Certainly there are enough of them to provide material for some alarming statistics on the lines of the town which had one "pub" to every twelve inhabitants, and plenty of evidence would be forthcoming that many of them are badly run, tend to fall into the hands of a not very admirable type, and hardly justify their existence. But if it came to a weeding out the authorities would soon be in a dilemma, for the clubs which are in practice most unsatisfactory, such as the Union, the Conservative Club, and the Ouds, have an undeniable function to fulfil, however far they may be from fulfilling it, while those which might from their objects be held to serve no useful purpose are often so full of vitality of the right sort that to suppress them would be a most arbitrary proceeding.

Rather than grasp this nettle the authorities are content with keeping a tight hand on the formation of new societies, particularly those to which it is proposed to admit women and those which need premises of their own. Obviously there must be some limit, but the societies are on the whole a very effective means of forming interests and keeping Oxford in touch with the outer world; on balance they come out decidedly to the good. As conditions change, new ones are bound to be called for, and the restrictive policy which seems to be gaining ground is likely to hit the promoters of new societies not, as it should, in inverse ratio to the value of their scheme, but in proportion to their lack of skill in winning over the authorities. In practice, any limitation must work to the disadvantage of the proposed society which fails to secure at the outset sufficiently influential graduates to sponsor it. There is more to be said for giving provisional sanction to all reasonable applications, and periodically suppressing societies which fail to justify themselves, than for anything like a cast-iron veto on fresh foundations. But it has not come to that yet, and the Eugenics Society, formed at a meeting which packed Corpus Hall and turned away the later comers, shows what support both from above and below can still be found. The specialized society is one of the peculiar expressions of the English genius, and it would be a mistake to hamper its free development at a place where the English genius is taking shape.

VERSE

HIC SUNT LEONES—II

EACH of the thousand wicker chairs is filled:
Here is the Mayoress of Knype lapping an ice
Next to the Vicar of Tunstall. Here is the Vice-
President of the Vice-Abatement Guild,

Week-ending with an ex-scellery maid;
(Yes, that's the one—looks like a giant sloth)
Mackrow and Stilton (criticasters both)
Are here, and so are the Girls of the Old Brigade.

Waitresses minister with a touch of scorn;
(No tips, or they'd be instantly dismissed)
And like the wail of curlews, the forlorn
Voices of page-boys questingly persist,
While from the band in frothy gusts is borne
The Fifth Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt.

PAUL SELVER

YELLOW FEVER

THE deaths of Dr. Hideyo Noguchi and Dr. Young end a chapter in the story of scientific investigation which idealistic critics may be invited to contemplate. Noguchi, who has been spoken of as "the greatest man of science that Japan has produced," had for many years been engaged in a study of the causative factors in yellow fever; and it was from yellow fever that he and Dr. Young died, as, eight months earlier, did their fellow investigator, Dr. Adrian Stokes. But the tale runs through many previous pages.

When, half a century since, Lesseps undertook to cut across Central America a canal which should unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, nearly one out of every four of the French workmen engaged in the enterprise died each year of yellow fever. After millions of pounds and thousands of lives had been wasted, the work had to be abandoned as impracticable. A few years after this holocaust, the American army, then fighting against Cuba, found itself losing more men at the hands of "Yellow Jack" than at those of the Spaniards. So menacing was this hidden enemy that a small Commission of army doctors was appointed by the Surgeon-General of the United States forces to investigate the cause of the disease. A certain Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, had for years been preaching the doctrine that yellow fever is spread by mosquitoes; but, partly through certain fallacies in his theory, partly through traditional medical resistance to novel teachings, he made few converts. The four doctors who, in 1900, were devoting themselves to the problem, soon became convinced that the disease was not spread by contact or by clothing. The mosquito had recently been convicted as the prime agent in spreading malaria, and it was but natural that the possibility of some variety of mosquito playing a leading part in spreading "Yellow Jack" also should occur to their minds, already familiar with the rejected suggestion of Finlay.

The question of the innocence or guilt of the mosquito was a fundamental one, and it could only be answered by direct experiment on human beings. These men were under no illusion as to the meaning of an attack of yellow fever. They had all witnessed the fatal result in many hundreds of cases. Having bred some mosquitoes, and having allowed these to bite patients suffering from yellow fever, each of them permitted an infected mosquito to bite him in turn. Dr. Carroll became infected and almost died; Dr. Lazear also contracted the disease and died in two days. To quote the words of his memorial tablet: "He risked and lost his life to show how a fearful pestilence is communicated, and how its ravages may be prevented."

To establish beyond doubt the agency of the mosquito, further tests on similar lines were considered necessary, and volunteers were asked for. Two young privates in the army at once offered themselves, insisting that they should not be paid, although a reward of forty pounds had actually been offered. These men allowed themselves repeatedly to be bitten by infected mosquitoes, and both contracted the disease, one of them, in consequence, being permanently invalided. A final experiment was needed to demonstrate that mosquitoes are not only the possible but the normal means whereby the disease is spread. To this end, a hut, carefully screened with netting to exclude mosquitoes, was furnished with beds and bedding that had been used by patients suffering from yellow fever, some having actually died in the beds. Volunteers were invited to occupy this hut, and to dress themselves in the soiled nightclothes of the previous occupants. For this experiment, also, men readily offered themselves, sleeping in these beds for twenty consecutive nights. Not one of them contracted yellow fever, although, in an adjacent hut—clean and whole-

some in every respect—from which infected mosquitoes were not excluded, everyone caught the disease. As a result of these experiments, and of the recognition of the truths thereby established, yellow fever was virtually stamped out of the western world, though a few districts still need the more active ministrations of the sanitarian. In the notorious Panama district, when America took up the work which France had been obliged to abandon, the yellow fever mortality soon dropped from one in four to something like one in one hundred and thirty.

Enormous as was this great victory of preventive medicine, doctors were little better equipped for effectively treating yellow fever, once contracted, than they were before. Although the means whereby the disease is spread had been discovered, nothing definite was known as to the more intimate causative agents. The mosquito experiments and test injections had proved that the poison—whether living or chemical—is contained in the blood. The fact that the bite of an infected mosquito is harmless until some twelve days have elapsed from the time of its own infection suggested that the real causative factor is an organism, needing time for its development. But no organism could be discovered by the ordinary methods of bacteriological research. Noguchi, who had already attained a world-wide reputation by his discovery of the *Spirochoeta pallida* in the brain in general paralysis, and in the spinal cord in locomotor-ataxia, devoted himself to the solution of this problem. By methods of investigation of which he was an acknowledged master, he discovered in the blood and organs of victims of yellow fever a spirochoete to which he gave the name of *Leptospira icteroides*. This germ, which he believed to be the true parasitic cause of the disease, he succeeded in cultivating artificially, and hoped to prepare therefrom a vaccine or serum which should prove as effective a therapeutic agent in yellow fever as is the serum universally employed as a specific in diphtheria. Indeed, he believed that he had actually done so; for, when he was infected (and recovered), a few months before his fatal attack, he wrote to a friend pointing out that he had been inoculated and had recovered, whereas Stokes had not been inoculated and had died. The later result offers dramatic comment on Noguchi's optimistic surmise, but it in no way diminishes the enormous value of his many contributions to science, or lessens the admiration of everyone competent to evaluate them for Noguchi's stupendous industry and vast accumulations of ordered knowledge.

Nor need anyone shed sentimental tears over his fate, or over the fates of those others whose names figure in this epic history. Martyrdom is a term which has acquired so sloppy a set of associations that one hesitates to use it of the price ungrudgingly paid by men whose lives so largely partake of the heroic quality—of which risk and danger are almost the very essence.

HUMAN BEAUTY

By ROSE MACAULAY

WHAT is all this pother about human beauty, this quality alleged to exist in some human creatures, which has, from all ages and in all quarters of the globe, been such a firm article of faith, such a theme for poets, artists and costumiers, such an incitement towards the propagation of the race? What, if one comes to that, is any beauty? "Some quality," says Burke, "acting mechanically upon the human mind by the intervention of the senses." Certainly; but which human mind? "A beautiful scar," say the surgeon and the nurse, contemplating with æsthetic delight the grim results

of their destructive labours. "A beautiful hog," says the farmer, prodding his corpulent swine in what must be, could one but see them, its ribs. "A lovely piece of pork," says the butcher of the same creature at a later stage. "Beautiful hills, beautiful woods, beautiful buttercups and may," say others, moved by more universal and less macabre æsthetic joys. "Beautiful mutton," exclaims the diner, "a beautiful poem" the reader, and "a beautiful catch" the cricketer. But "a beautiful person" we all do say, in our several tongues, all the world over.

I imagine that each of us, in saying it, knows what he means, and what particular combination of human colour and shape has pleased him, or anyhow struck him as being (for a human creature) not too much amiss, for no one, I suppose, would put human creatures remarkably high in the scale of beauty; most people would agree that they more greatly admired the outline and colour of horses, deer, cats, birds and most dogs (to name only a few species). In fact, it seems probable that it is only biological necessity which has compelled us to admire the human physique at all—flesh-coloured, almost hairless, ungainly, inactive bipeds that we are, stumping awkwardly about like penguins, concealing with garments the greater part of our persons because even we cannot pretend that they are any good, conscious in our hearts that the unconcealed parts are not much good either, only it would be inconvenient to be veiled from top to toe. But valiantly we deny all these our natural reactions to human plainness. The infant, unlearned as yet in pretence, sees human beings and shrieks to heaven his disgust; perhaps he is bewailing also his own little uncouth form. A little later he learns that beauty is not important after all, that people, though plain, are mostly agreeable and kind, and he shrieks less. Much later still he puts on the world's standards, and himself begins to discern and admire beauty in others and himself.

This is all very natural and right. But what a little bewilders me is the calm, unanalysing and unquestioning assumption by many people that human beauty not only exists, but is a definite, agreed-on, recognizable quality, not a fluid fancy that shifts from age to age and from place to place, transient and questionable as a dream. Just now, I notice, there seems to be some discussion in the world as to whether women should endeavour to acquire or retain this so-called beauty by resorting to those premises where, for great sums of money, the personal appearance is said to be improved. And, in the discussion of this important theme, curiously final and definite standards in the mutable and impermanent business seem to be assumed.

Here, for instance, is an actress, Miss Dorothy Dickson, writing two columns in a Sunday newspaper on the subject. Miss Dickson, it seems, believes in beauty. She holds that to look what she calls "beautiful" is, for a human female, desperately important. "My advice to all women is to achieve beauty, if they can, at any cost which is reasonably within their power. . . . I think that the brainless women are the ones who do not spend money in attempting to maintain or improve what nature may or may not have done properly." You see how important Miss Dickson thinks it is. She would regard a woman as brainless who elected to spend such money as she had in travelling, seeing the world, educating her children and herself, buying books, seeing plays, enjoying food, entertaining her friends, and subscribing to such causes as she might select as most desirable to support. The intelligent course would be to turn her back on all these and other amenities of the civilized life, and pour all her wealth into the gaping purses of cosmetic sellers, masseuses and plastic surgeons in the endeavour to please more greatly the eyes of

QUAERO

others and herself. Not, like Kipling's soldier, to behold and admire the world so wide, but to be beheld and admired—this should be, according to Miss Dickson and those who think with her, a woman's main object on this terrestrial journey.

Glancing down the article, I see a modifying remark or two—"I still think one should exercise some small degree of restraint in the elimination of one's bad points. One can be too ruthless in the removal of one's worst features. . . ." So I gather that Miss Dickson might possibly not counsel the removal of both nose and chin at once, should both fail to please their owner, but only, perhaps, of one at a time. "It is, I suppose," she adds, doubtfully, "rather alarming to reflect on the millions of pounds which are spent every year on the hair, the complexion and the figure. Nevertheless. . . ." Nevertheless, in brief, let us proceed to spend them, for "every woman owes it to herself" (attractive phrase!) "to make the most of every good feature she has." But, apparently, not the most of the chin, but rather the least, for she should have "a minimum number of chins." Now, what is the minimum number of chins? Nought, I suppose. So off to the surgeon and off with the chin. But why this prejudice in favour of very few chins? Is it not, possibly, an impermanent and local fashion? "Every woman should have a minimum number of chins." Is this a safe dictum? Are there not some races among whom chins are regarded as assets, and human beings admired in proportion to the number of these that they possess?

Seventy years ago, even on these islands, gentlemen were preferred for the abundance of hair that swept from their cheeks. The Burmese ladies lacquer their teeth black. Ethiopians admire one another for the breadth of their noses and figures, the Chinese for the smallness of their feet. Who are we to say that few chins are admirable on the human face? You might as well lay it down as a law that we should possess few teeth. What are these fleeting ideals of so-called human loveliness that the unthinking endeavour to create into articles of faith? To-day a clear skin pleases the eye; to-morrow sallowness may be the vogue. Can such fluid standards be worth spending on them so much wealth, so much time, so much thought? For consider—you may have had what you held to be your worst features removed one day, and wake on the next to find that these very features are now admired, and you are thought quite plain and featureless without them.

As to that, I suppose it might be retorted that, should I spend my money on going round the world I might find after I had started that my taste had changed, and that I no longer cared to see cities, lands or seas. It is true; and I suppose, after all, we can but aim at such beauty as pleases us at the moment, and receive therefrom such satisfaction as we can. If the possession of what they regard as beauty really does give great pleasure to people, and if they really think that they can attain it by the means suggested by Miss Dickson and others, I suppose they are right to treat it as a pearl of great price and throw away everything else that they may dig for it. The fact that it seems to be about the most expensive form of pleasure no doubt heightens its value.

But I should like to see Miss Dickson questioned, say, by Socrates, as to what precisely this human beauty is, and why.

A number of solutions to competitions are disqualified every week because they reach the Editor too late for adjudication. Competitors are asked to note the closing dates of the competitions, and to post their solutions in good time.

ON VIEW

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

IT is not true to say—as critics frequently do say—that flamboyant romantic literature is not like life. Where that literature departs from life is in being exciting, highly coloured, fantastic, all the time, in having no large blank spaces. But there are times when life can only be expressed in a flamboyant romantic fashion; for the fantastic stuff is there, under your nose. We may spend months in a world as quiet and prosaic as Jane Austen's and then suddenly we turn a corner—to find we have walked into the Dickens world. It happened to me only yesterday.

We are staying in a little town on the Kentish coast, an old-fashioned place but not Dickensy, far more reminiscent of 'Black-Eyed Susan' and 'All in the Downs' and songs by Dibdin. Yesterday morning we noticed an auctioneer's bill saying that the antique furniture and household effects of Lilac Cottage, all to be sold by auction, were on view that morning. We thought there would be no harm in looking over Lilac Cottage, which might have a wonderful little walnut bureau or something of that sort tucked away in a corner—you never know, do you? Nothing, you will agree, could be more prosaic. We enquired our way to Lilac Cottage, at the rear of So-and-So Avenue. It took a great deal of finding. We were passed from one helpful but puzzled townsman to another; we tried third turnings to the right and fourth turnings to the left for at least half an hour. Finally, we came near, but even then spent another ten minutes circling round the house. Our last direction seemed to bring us to the railway lines, but we discovered a very narrow little lane running by the side of the railway, and at the end of this lane a small gateway leading to a garden that was a jungle of weeds. We crept through gigantic briars and finally came to a little old house. This was Lilac Cottage.

The threshold was simply so much rotten wood; you could have crumbled it in your hand. The interior was astonishing. I have never seen so much dirt in all my life. Dust lay thick everywhere; huge cobwebs hung from the walls; and every article of furniture was grimy beyond belief. The atmosphere was choking. Long before you dared to touch anything, your hand felt filthy. All the women were stepping delicately from room to room, holding their skirts. All the men smoked furiously. You did not feel that the house had just been opened but that it had just been exhumed. The two rooms on the ground floor and the other two on the first floor were bad, but the other little places, where nothing was being sold, were horrors. I peeped into a kitchen in the basement, and then fled. The very rats must have left it years ago. And above there was a tiny bedroom—it had a bed in it and a straw mattress completely covered with thick black dust—that was a nightmare. In another little room I found a man with a long moustache kneeling on the floor and looking through an ancient box stuffed with letters. "I don't know how

you can do it," I told him shudderingly. "I'm looking for stamps," he replied. "There's some been pinched already, stamps worth at least a fiver, stamps before the Penny Post came in. All pinched!" I had a picture of somebody creeping into that awful little house, groping through that box, looking for old stamps.

Nearly all the things in the house were good. On the ground floor were dusty shapes that were discovered on examination to be charming old chairs, a spinet, bow-fronted chests of drawers, inlaid card tables, and the like. But it was the chief bedroom, where the women were so busy turning things over, that was most fascinating. On a fine four-poster bed were laid out exquisite old dresses and shawls and bundles of unused linen sheets. It was like finding fresh flowers in a dustbin. I heard some talk of wedding dresses. One was spread out, lighting up the room, a lovely shimmer of fabric. This, I was told, was a gem: a crinoline of silver and lilac brocade. There were other crinolines too, nearly as beautiful: green striped taffeta with black lace appliqué—so ran the expert description. The women there, forgetting the dust and their skirts and the spiders, turned over these and other garments and gave little cries of astonishment and delight. I had a sudden vision of a girl in the 'fifties, a very happy girl, pirouetting in these things before the mirror, trying this and trying that, wondering whether he would like her best in lilac and silver. There was a number of leather cases on top of a chest of drawers, and when I opened them they seemed at first to be nothing but slightly discoloured pieces of glass. But when I looked again, faces from a past age, girls with side-curls, whiskered young gentlemen with immense cravats, smiling or puzzled children, looked out at me. Probably among these faded daguerreotypes were several portraits of *him*, who would come down, like a whiskered and cravated god, to chose between the silver and lilac brocade and the green striped taffeta.

Yes, she had been a happy girl. Those vague faces of the daguerreotypes were once a host of approving relatives, smiling friends. And nobody had more luxuriant whiskers or cravats than he, who had said, again and again, that he loved her. And where could you find prettier dresses and shawls? Were not the very sheets the finest linen? There had been moments, probably when she was turning over these things just as the women were turning them over yesterday morning, when she had seen life stretching before her like a high road through one great golden valley. She had only to live on, just to breathe, to be happier and happier. And then, and then—dust, and more dust, first a grey film and at last inches of black grime.

Do I imagine all this to be very romantic? I do. Do I know that I am being very sentimental? I do. Does it occur to me that I am merely a sentimental literary man who is not only embroidering but probably grossly distorting the facts? No, it doesn't, by Jingo! As I went through that little horror of a house yesterday, I learned some of the facts, and here they are and you can make of them what you will.

This house had been shut up for years. Its owner had lived there alone for a long period, and by the time she was middle-aged she was

probably known to be cranky, eccentric, perhaps a little mad. I heard one woman, herself middle-aged, say yesterday: "She chased me many a time"; and I had a vision of this solitary woman, with the queer and even sinister reputation, running out of her remote little house to chase away the children who came to explore the fringes of the garden, climb the walls, and make faces at her. When she was past eighty she began to fail and at last had to be removed to the local workhouse infirmary, where finally she died, in her 'nineties. It was then discovered that she had been by no means penniless, as everybody imagined, but possessed a little fortune, something in the neighbourhood of ten thousand pounds. It is clear that she was a miser. But that is not why she kept all the crinolines, the lilac and silver brocade, the green striped taffeta, in which she would have peacocked through her honeymoon. Apparently the wedding was all arranged and then she was jilted. In fact, we have here another Miss Havisham. And those who like irony will enjoy the sequel to this old-fashioned story. There were the ten thousand pounds and this house and its furniture, and an heir had to be found. At last he was found, and he proved to be a rich American, who has recently been cruising the Mediterranean in his own yacht. When he was told about the furniture he is reported to have said: "Sell the lot. I don't care what it fetches."

So, yesterday morning, the antique furniture and household effects of Lilac Cottage were—like life—on view.

LAW AND LIFE—II

SINCE my last remarks on this subject an enquiry has been instituted as to the interrogation of Miss Savidge, and it is to be hoped that this will also extend to the interrogation to which Mrs. Pace and her children were subjected for thirteen hours in a semi-starved condition. This latter interrogation seems in some ways even more callous than the treatment of Miss Savidge, though we have yet to learn full particulars in each case. There has also been the case of a man arrested as being drunk and certified as such by a police surgeon. The surgeon then had to admit that the man was not drunk and that if he had known of the complaint from which he was suffering he would not have said that he was. It seems very odd that a police surgeon should be in a position to certify anyone as drunk when the condition of arrested persons admittedly suggests an alternative explanation. In this case the victim was a lifelong teetotaler.

* *

I imagine that it would be impossible to prove legally the fact that when, after long years' service in the police force a policeman's claim for promotion is discussed, the number of summonses to his credit is a material factor in deciding his promotion and advancement. A rich friend of mine actually offered to guarantee the pension of a policeman who would be prepared to come forward and swear to this fact. The policeman, however, very sensibly and honestly said that even if this could be done half-a-dozen other men whose pensions were not guaranteed would be produced to discredit his statement. I relate this story for what it is worth; but I believe it to be true, and I think it profoundly unsatisfactory that any policeman's merits should be estimated in this crude manner. One must not, however, forget that Police Courts are expected to be self-supporting and that if

they did not inflict a sufficient number of fines they would have to be supported out of the rates.

Considerable sympathy must have been felt for the lady who bought a vault and buried her mother in it. I do not know what sort of contract she signed; but she appears, quite naturally, to have supposed that she had bought the freehold and was entitled to regard the vault as her own property. The Court, however, decided that she had bought nothing but "the exclusive right of burial in four contiguous grave spaces, in part of the cemetery set apart for the burial of the dead according to the rites of the Established Church, subject to the regulations then in force or which might thereafter be issued by the Home Secretary or by the Urban District Council in question or any other competent authority." Even in these circumstances it seems monstrous that the owner of the vault should not have been entitled to access to it whenever she wished, and to do what she liked in it; but in fact she was "prevented from entering the vault for the purpose of depositing therein flowers, fruit, a cooked bird, wine, coffee, milk, fleur-de-lys, orris-root, aromatic gums, and deodorizers." In her statement of claim she asserted that she and her mother were members of the Orthodox Greek Church, and that the rites were those of that Church; but in the witness-box she admitted that she and her mother were members of the Established Church of England.

The judge considered that the rights in question were of a "distinctly pagan character" and certainly not consonant with burial in accordance with the rites of the Established Church. He held that the owner had no right in the vault entitling her to use it for the purposes she claimed. Personally I cannot see why the plaintiff should not have practised any rights she chose so long as they did not violate public decency. She was connected with the Greek Church and members of that Church are allowed to dig up a corpse from time to time in order to separate the flesh from the bones. This would scarcely be a suitable spectacle in an English churchyard; but I cannot understand why anyone should conceive it necessary to interfere with her going to the vault and leaving food and wine there. If I bought a family vault I should certainly consider myself at liberty to have meals there and to invite my friends if I wanted to do so; but for that purpose it is necessary to buy what is called a mausoleum.

Some sympathy may be felt, even if it is not generally expressed, for the native inhabitants of Jersey, who owing to the tax-dodging schemes of British millionaires suddenly found themselves involved in the suicidal finance of Great Britain. They might well complain that Mr. Baldwin represents the most dangerous type of Socialism since on one occasion he presented no less than £150,000 to the Revenue: whereas no such precedent exists in either the Liberal Party or the Labour Party. The native islanders are thrifty and industrious, and if they lived in England would probably set up a most useful agitation against public extravagance. Unfortunately for them they have no voting power here and are expected to put up with the fiscal tyranny of Great Britain. Some of the inhabitants contemplate an appeal to the Judicial Committee on the subject.

Some practising lawyers are acquainted with an appeal to the Judicial Committee which dragged along during many years of the last decade of the nineteenth century. This arose from an act of trespass by the British Government, who rescued a French woman from the

prison of St. Helier, where, if not rescued, she would have suffered the fate of Joan of Arc owing to the medieval notions which still prevail in Jersey as to certain sexual offences. The Jurats secured, through the able advocacy of Lord Haldane, a judgment for £1,000 damages; but I fear that they are not likely to be so successful on this occasion, although in the former proceedings the British Government at least justified themselves by preventing war between England and France.

LYCURGUS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

THE CURSE OF EXAMINATIONS

SIR,—May I thank your Cambridge correspondent for his testimony to the injury done by the examination system. Great everywhere, this mischief perhaps reaches its height at Oxford and Cambridge. Everyone admits the mischief, barring an examiner here or there, but no one tries to put an end to it. The accepted formula is that examinations are a necessary evil—the feeblest position that can be taken up. The whole question is too big to discuss in a letter, but I would add to your correspondent's arguments that the system works against original thought or any attempt at original thought in the party examined. Obviously it cannot "pay" to give time to thinking out for yourself what can be lifted almost *tel quel* by a mere effort of memory from a text-book.

I am, etc.,

HAROLD HODGE

THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT

SIR,—You suggest that if the prosecution in the Money-Savidge case were allowed to appeal it would be a great evil. I differ. The "acquittal" is the *ipse dixit* of one man, who would not allow Miss Savidge to give evidence. Is a magistrate always right when he acquits?

Recently a magistrate was pleased to discharge two men arrested for loitering with intent to commit a felony because a person described as "a lady" insisted on giving evidence for them. The "lady" has herself served two terms of imprisonment since then.

Twenty-five years ago a notorious case caused the same furious outcry as the Savidge, and a Commission was appointed. What happened? The persons concerned got out of the country as quickly as they could rather than face disclosure of their infamous careers. But no apology was made to the late Mr. Curtis Bennett or the police.

I am, etc.,

ARCHIBALD GIBBS

PEACE PACTS

SIR,—In recent months we have been hearing a great deal about "Peace Pacts"—some hailing from the U.S.A., others from elsewhere. Much loose thinking—and a certain amount of cant—seems almost invariably to prevail whenever these matters are discussed. The real position, so it appears to me, is set out in the opening editorial paragraph in the *English Review* for last month. The paragraph runs as follows:

A lot of nonsense is being talked about pacts against war. I should have thought it elementary that war is a breach of the peace, which in other or diplomatic words means a breach of a pact. How any pact can effectively provide against a breach of a pact passes human, though evidently it does not pass diplomatic, understanding. . . . The simple truth is that war is an instrument of policy, and that no nation can abjure war unless it is prepared to sacrifice, to its convenience or to a mere desire for comfort, its ideals or its duty. Please God, the necessity for war will not arise again in our time, but we cannot so easily rid ourselves of potential responsibilities. We can sign any pact we like, but pacts not morally binding on the general body of citizens are merely scraps of paper, and no pact can be morally binding which binds succeeding generations to the surrender of their "rights" in even the most hypothetical circumstances. . . .

Though perhaps certain sentences in the above require elaboration—and even invite challenge—the main thesis seems incontrovertible and the words should be posted up in letters of vivid colouring in all the Chancelleries of Europe and America as a constant reminder to politicians and diplomats of all parties. Nor should it be forgotten that in the 'nineties of last century a French statistician worked on the subject and found that from the date of the Punic Wars to the time of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 some four thousand treaties of Peace (i.e. Peace Pacts) had been signed. This of course means that something in the neighbourhood of 4,000 Peace Pacts have been broken!

It may be said that the latest Kellogg pact renouncing war nevertheless admits the permissibility of "wars of defence." Is not this of itself an all-inclusive difficulty? All wars are wars of "defence" to the belligerents on every side concerned in waging them. The only cases where this "principle" does not hold are found among those expansionist wars by which European powers have acquired territory in other continents.

Could any of the belligerent Governments in the late war have continued one single month if they had announced they were waging a war of aggression? Surely not. All the various peoples thought they were defending themselves, or were so persuaded. Napoleon even said this in regard to his invasion of Russia in 1812.

Nor is the "principle" referred to above invalidated by the fact that some army or other in any particular war must have fired the first shot. It is a universal military axiom—and a very sound one—that it is a paramount duty to gain the initiative, in other words to attack first. This is also the axiom on which the Fascist "squadri" in Italy acted when in 1920-22 they were carrying out their raids and devastations, as Dumini (a well-known Fascist) admitted in one of his candid writings.

I am, etc.,

J. C. MACGREGOR

TASTES IN BOOKS

SIR,—May I venture to criticize the rather disheartening pyrrhonism of Miss Macaulay's bright and interesting article on the above subject? Miss Macaulay is, I understand, a novelist of some distinction, and is obviously a woman of wide reading. But width is not depth, and perhaps a little further enquiry might be useful.

"Where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding?" as the Scripture says. Aristotle answers: "With the wise," which is not, perhaps, very helpful, but yet gives a clue. And if one adds to that saying that other of *securus judicat orbis tenarum*, we shall find ourselves near our goal. First the "few but fit," and then the great mass of educated people.

It is too late in the day to refuse the utmost admiration to Homer, Virgil and Shakespeare. Such a matter is no longer debatable. Dr. Johnson, as a critic, had appalling limitations, and so had the age

in which he lived. Again, Coleridge is surely not to be ranked with Matthew Arnold, the only great and sane literary critic England has, in my opinion, produced. As for Hazlitt's view of Scott, all one can say is "poor Hazlitt!"

Miss Macaulay scoffs at "foreign opinion" and "posterity"; but in the long run these agree, and, taken together, are not easily to be gainsaid. Another point is that all unfavourable contemporary criticism of an author almost invariably contains an element of truth. Witness Jeffrey's criticism of Keats. Yet another point is that though a critic may find fault with this or that, he may yet admire a work in other respects.

Miss Macaulay must take heart. There is a very real, though sometimes dim criticism of literature. I would add that no one has a right to "set up" as a critic at all unless he be familiar with the best that has been thought and said in the two great literatures of Antiquity, and in (at least) French and German. Without a knowledge of ancient classical literature one has no background for criticism, and is therefore bound to lack a sense of perspective. Was this not the failing of that otherwise admirable writer, the late Sir Edmund Gosse? Did he not sometimes mistake "transient phantoms" for enduring gods? Time will show.

I am, etc.,

J. H. HALLARD

35 Munster Square, N.W.1

WHITE'S 'SELBORNE' AND MR. WOODWARD'S

SIR,—Only Mr. Woodward's suggestion that my review of his 'Selborne' was actuated by personal malice compels me to notice his letter in your issue of May 19. The answer is simple enough. I have never met Mr. Woodward, nor in any way come in contact with him except over a criticism of his 'Arcadian Calendar' some time ago in this REVIEW, which he may, perhaps, remember as not the least appreciative it received. I am equally guiltless of animosity against the publishers; if I had not rated them high I should have been less concerned to see their imprint on a thoroughly bad book.

The gist of Mr. Woodward's other remarks is that he does not agree with me; I hardly expected he would, though I hope in time he may. But I trust he will accept my assurance that I was interested solely in the defence of a book which has meant at least as much to me as it has to other biologists, and which I cannot patiently see maltreated. I should like him to rummage in the back files for 1900 of 'Macmillan's Magazine,' and read there an article by Professor Newton (who wrote the 'Life' for D.N.B.) on 'Gilbert White and his Recent Editors.' He may view the matter with more detachment after digesting comments at least as candid as my own on earlier examples of exactly the same thing. These things have had to be said before, and may have to be said again; it will be a misfortune for Gilbert White if ever there should be nobody to say them. Nine critics out of ten have no special knowledge of the book and will accept any editor at his own valuation; even that is not enough for Mr. Woodward, who feels entitled to complete immunity. If this is "unrestrained abuse," I am sorry that such a book should have no better sanction to protect it from unrestrained bowdlerization, and I cannot believe that Mr. Woodward himself would have found 'Selborne' to his stomach if as a child he had had it administered in this form.

Since this is clearly a case when a reviewer's anonymity ought to be dropped,

I am, etc.,

E. M. NICHOLSON

THE ANGLO-CATHOLICS

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Laurence W. Hodson, argues forcibly for the Second Best. I admit the cogency of his reasoning. I quite agree that the Salvation Army and the Y.M.C.A. and the Anglo-Catholics are better than nothing. It is better to have an imperfect form of Christianity than no Christianity at all. The Anglo-Catholics, however, have to defend themselves against a charge which cannot be brought against either the Salvation Army or the Y.M.C.A. The officers of the Salvation Army do not hold preferment in the Church of England nor do they minister in our parish churches. This fact makes a distinction—a moral distinction between the Salvation Army and the Anglo-Catholics.

Your correspondent complains of the Archbishop of Canterbury because "his convictions have been constant for fifty years." The implication is that the convictions of the Anglo-Catholic party are not constant. What is the use of a religious party whose convictions are fluid?

I am, etc.,

C. POYNTZ SANDERSON

Emsworth, Hants

THE SEVENTEENTH EARL OF OXFORD

SIR,—In your notice of my 'Seventeenth Earl of Oxford,' published in your issue of May 19, the reviewer says that I have suggested that Lord Oxford wrote some of Thomas Watson's poems. He adds: "But why should not Watson have written them?" The implication is that, for some obscure reason only known to myself, I have seen fit to advance a theory for which there is no evidence.

This, however, is not the case. There exists in the Bodleian Library a large collection of poems known as the Rawlinson Poetical MSS. They comprise over a hundred volumes; and in one of these, written in a contemporary Elizabethan hand, is a poem subscribed: "Finis, Earle of Oxenforde." This may be taken to mean that whoever copied out the poem was under the impression, rightly or wrongly, that Lord Oxford was the author. Now, the point is that this poem—a sonnet in the Shakespearean metre—was printed in 1593 in a volume by Watson, entitled, 'The Tears of Fancy.' It was a posthumous publication, Watson having died in 1592. These details will all be found on page 196 of my book.

I fully realize that the evidence provided by this manuscript poem does not prove that Lord Oxford wrote some or any of the poems commonly attributed to Thomas Watson. But I venture to suggest that a contemporary manuscript document is at least entitled to be given some consideration.

I am, etc.,

BERNARD MORDAUNT WARD

Wyvenhoe, Farnham Royal, Bucks.

WILKIE COLLINS

SIR,—I have for some time had it in mind to attempt a critical and biographical study of William Wilkie Collins in existence, except a small German publication by Wolzogen and a few magazine and newspaper articles. In view of the present enormous development of the "detective" novel, it seems to be high time that some attempt should be made to esti-

mate the literary value and influence of the earliest (and perhaps the finest) English writer in this genre.

I am, etc.,

DOROTHY L. SAYERS

24 Great James Street, W.C.1

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—118

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World' has paid a second visit to London in the year 1928. In spite of his advanced age his intellectual faculties are unimpaired, and he has by no means lost his gift of vivid description. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an account, assumed to be written by him, of a wireless programme. Entries must not exceed 300 words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the two best rhymed epigrams (in not more than eight lines) on a Statesman who Refused to Write his Reminiscences.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 118a, or LITERARY 118a).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, June 11, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of June 16.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 116

SET BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best accurate translations of the following, the opening passage of Anatole France's 'Le Christ de l'Océan,' not merely into English but into English prose. Competitors need not, unless they wish, attempt to reproduce the style of the original.

En cette année-là, plusieurs de ceux de Saint-Valéry, qui étaient allés à la pêche, furent noyés dans la mer. On trouva leurs corps roulés par le flot sur la plage avec les débris de leurs barques, et l'on vit pendant neuf jours, sur la route montueuse qui mène à l'église, des cercueils portés à bras et que suivaient des veuves pleurant, sous leur grande cape noire, comme des femmes de la Bible.

Le patron Jean Lenoël et son fils Désiré furent ainsi déposés dans la grande nef, sous la voûte où ils avaient suspendu naguère, en offrande à Notre-Dame, un navire avec tous ses agrès. C'étaient des hommes justes et qui craignaient Dieu. Et M. Guillaume Truphème, curé de Saint-Valéry, ayant donné l'absoute, dit d'une voix mouillée de larmes :

—Jamais ne furent portés en ferre sainte, pour y attendre le jugement de Dieu, plus braves gens et meilleurs chrétiens que Jean Lenoël et son fils Désiré.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem, in not more than twelve lines, addressed to the portrait of an ancestress, real or imagined, of the writer.

We have received the following report from Mr. Martin Armstrong, with which we agree, and have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. ARMSTRONG

116A. The good prose-writer, as is well known, is a much rarer creature than the good verse-writer, and I realize now, after carefully reading eighty-five almost identical translations of the passage selected from Anatole France, that I ought to have had this fact more clearly in mind, for the passage is, I admit, a diabolically difficult one to translate. Translation here, if it is to be even moderately successful, must be transformation also: the bare, clearly-flowing simplicity of the French stubbornly refuses to take on an English idiom and any attempt to make it do so almost inevitably produces mere clumsiness and aridity. And yet hardly any of the competitors attempted anything more than a word-for-word translation, with the result that to read the versions aloud was, in nearly every case, a painful experience. Good prose must have a rhythm and music of its own. There are endless varieties of rhythm and the music may be loud or soft, sweet or harsh, or a mixture of all or any: the one criterion is that the prose, when read aloud, must produce a satisfying æsthetic effect.

I have selected for commendation from the versions sent in four which have made at least some attempt to produce an effect of this sort. The names of the writers are Mary Crichton, John Gauvain, M. L. Hodgson, and George Baker. It is my duty to be candid and so I must add that their attempts are more admirable in intention than in the actual result, for all are disappointing; but, as I have already admitted, the passage is an extremely difficult one. I recommend Mary Crichton for first prize and John Gauvain for second.

FIRST PRIZE

That year, several men belonging to Saint-Valéry, who had gone to the fishing, were drowned at sea. Their bodies were found on the beach, left there by the tide along with the wreckage of their boats. Every now and then during the next nine days people could be seen carrying coffins up the hilly path which leads to the church. Like women in old Bible stories, the widows followed their dead, weeping, with heads bowed under their great black hooded cloaks. The bodies of the skipper, Jean Lenoël, and his son Désiré were thus laid down in the great nave, under the vault where they had hung, a short time before, the model of a full-rigged ship as an offering to Our Lady.

They were upright, God-fearing men. After he had given absolution, M. Guillaume Truphème, rector of Saint-Valéry, said in a voice choked with his tears, "There never were carried into holy ground, to await the judgment of God, finer men or better Christians than Jean Lenoël and his son Désiré."

MARY CRICHTON

SECOND PRIZE

In that year a number of St. Valéry men, who had gone fishing, were drowned at sea. Their bodies were thrown up by the tide, and were found on the shore amid the wreckage of their cobbles; and it was a nine days' wonder to see, on the hill-track leading to the church, coffins carried shoulder high, followed by widows who, in their great black capes, keened like their sisters of the Holy Land.

In this manner old John Lenoël and his son Désiré were brought to rest in the principal nave; beneath the arch from which they had hung, but a short time before, a ship in full

rig—their offering to Our Lady. They were upright, God-fearing men; and William Truphème, priest of St. Valéry, after pronouncing the absolution, said in a voice bedewed with tears: "Never were laid in holy ground, there to await the judgment of God, braver souls and better Christians than John Lenoël and his son Désiré."

JOHN GAUVAIN

116B. This competition produced some very pleasant results and I have had difficulty in choosing fairly. Gordon Daviot's delightful poem is undoubtedly the neatest and most finished production and Alfred Holland runs him close, but Gip has sent a poem in a manner which is entirely different from theirs. It has more obvious faults than either of them (indeed both of them are faultless), for it is a little rhetorical and I seem to catch at moments an echo of Wardour Street, but it is undeniably dramatic and alive, qualities which are especially welcome to the dazed adjudicator of a verse competition. I suggest therefore that the first prize be divided between Gip and Gordon Daviot and that the second go to Alfred Holland. Roma Graham's 'The Northern Ancestress' has some excellent qualities, but I fear she puts an illegitimate strain on syntax in line six and that in lines six, seven and eight the poem collapses into prose. Valimus sent in a charming poem and so too did Elizabeth Cluer and Morgan Mitchell, but the poems of the last two are not, I feel, within the scope of the competition which, I think, demands that the Ancestress shall be suggested in the poem and not merely in the title. Will Gip and Alfred Holland send their respective addresses to the Editor?

FIRST PRIZE (1)

I care not that you stare upon me so,
With eyes that follow, follow everywhere:
I go my way and do the things I will.
Your day is over: you may stare and stare,
With those calm eyes and that half smile of yours,—
You shall not thrust yourself athwart my life.
So now to act: for I will do this thing,—
What though it wreck his life and ruin mine?
May I not have my hour?—Oh me, your eyes!
Your scorn, your righteous scorn, it conquers me!
I burn the letter. Look. Will that content you?
I will not bring you shame. Your eyes have won.

GIP

FIRST PRIZE (2)

You never heard propellers sing,
About the windy solitude,
Nor saw the earth a paltry thing
Tossed overside as little good.

You sighed for news and did not know
How the confiding airs betray
All that is said in Idaho,
All that is whispered in Cathay.

And yet, O lovely-lipped Disdain
With eyes so grave, so full of guile,
I am the poorer of us twain
Because I never saw you smile.

GORDON DAVIOT

SECOND PRIZE

Whether your morals are unduly stern
I do not know; indeed, I hardly care;
I merely wish that you would gently turn
Your head, or less contemptuously stare.
I loathe false pride, and therefore when I think
Of you, unknown, unhonoured, unperceived,
In fact, the harmless necessary link
Twixt Me and Adam, I am somewhat grieved
At your pale sneer and cold, presumptuous eyes,
O virtuous Ancestress, so chaste, so wise!

ALFRED HOLLAND

BACK NUMBERS—LXXV

"THAT Thomson was a man of very remarkable and exceptional poetical talent is altogether beyond denial. The great defect of his verse lay in his 'receptiveness.' His second defect was his uncritical use of words. But with all these drawbacks Thomson had the stuff in him of a great poet, though he was not actually great." So the SATURDAY wrote of him after his death. It was not a very friendly notice, and I believe that Thomson had been a good deal less than friendly to this paper in some of those prose essays in which he set up as a satirist, but it was on the whole just to the poet if somewhat harsh on the rather peevish man. Here I am concerned only with the poet.

It was the misfortune of James Thomson, the second, to be labelled almost as soon as he was seriously noticed. 'The City of Dreadful Night' undoubtedly is his greatest achievement, but for reasons presently to be given it is unfair to Thomson to regard it as expressive of all that was in him. It is also unfair to him to follow his few apologists in pointing to his lighter work simply as evidence that he was not quite always immersed in melancholy. For the lighter work was really a gallant, premature, pioneering enterprise; undertaken, however, by a writer without the tact for it.

Those who look at an indiscriminate collection of volumes of verse published in the mid-Victorian period cannot but be impressed and fatigued by the constant solemnity in choice of subject and of manner. The major poets, especially Browning, are not in question: the middling and minor poets, with hardly an exception, seem to be in a conspiracy to forget that poetry has its caprices, may be inspired by almost any casualty of the day, may be the immortalization of mere whim, and that the poet may go with the muse as with a girl picked up at the next street corner. The solemnity of great poetic passion is one thing; this other solemnity is a stupid attempt to exclude chance and the encounters of the human comedy from the material of art. Now against this stupidity Thomson's lighter work was, as far as it went, a useful protest.

He had, no doubt, some hints from Browning and from his favourite Heine, but there was a good deal of originality in 'Sunday Up the River' and other things in which we find both genuine Cockney gaiety and genuine poetry, though hardly ever in fusion. The trouble was that this way, not quite Leigh Hunt's, of blending "fancy and familiarity" required a literary tact in which James Thomson was even more deficient than Hunt. From time to time he giggles where he should laugh; he becomes vulgar, unnecessarily, in rendering vulgarity, and then by reaction much too genteel. The very best of the component lyrics are just not adequately adjusted to their context, so the beautiful little eighteenth piece in 'Sunday Up the River'—

The wine of Love is music,
And the feast of Love is song—

instead of raising the whole has the effect on it of a song by Shelley introduced into the book of a musical comedy. Thomson, unhappily, had been "educated," which is to say, put in a false position, with the usual results. But the gallantry of his attempt, and some momentary successes in it, must be acknowledged.

He set out on that attempt without the style it needed, and indeed everywhere, except in 'The City of Dreadful Night' and 'Insomnia' and perhaps

four lyrics, he has nothing that can strictly be called a style. There is the prevalent influence of Shelley; there are particular obligations to Browning and to Heine; there are borrowings from the common stock of his period; and there is his personal contribution: but there is no constantly unifying style. There is none, that is to say, until he abandons all attempt at variety, takes up with Latinate polysyllables and sonorous double rhymes, and gives us the heavily stressed, monotonous verse of 'The City of Dreadful Night.'

I have often wondered whether Thomson, before he came to write verse in that way, had read Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. It seems unlikely, for there have been few in any generation who have been familiar with 'Mustapha,' but there, in a certain Chorus, is the hint for him:

Oh, wearisome condition of humanity,
Born under one law, to another bound;
Vainly begot, and then forbidden vanity,
Created sick, commanded to be sound!

In the Chorus from which I have quoted, I hope correctly, there is both the pessimism and something of the manner of Thomson. The pessimism he had no need to borrow of anyone; it was inherent in him, and would not have been sensibly diminished by the marriage of which he was cheated, by sobriety, by any sort of success, even by religious faith in place of a crude atheism. Why anybody should think it necessary to apologize for his pessimism it is hard to guess. When a man's philosophy has produced so magnificent a thing as the passage describing the Melancholia throned in the doomed city—

Unvanquished in defeat and desolation,
Undaunted in the hopeless conflagration
Of the day setting on her baffled prime—

it is justified in art; and what worth it may have when abstracted from its artistic expression by a process of which only professors have the secret it is needless to enquire.

It is impossible that a man should make Thomson his frequent reading, but unintelligible that any fit reader of poetry should not exult rather than despair when in contact with that masterpiece. Thomson himself prefixed to it a two-fold defence. The weaker part of it was his contention that here and there some fellow-sufferer would benefit by feeling a "fellowship in all-disastrous fight." The better, and indeed unquestionable, defence may be left in his own words:

Because a cold rage seizes one at whiles
To show the bitter old and wrinkled truth
Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles,
False dreams, false hopes, false masks and modes of youth;
Because it gives some sense of power and passion
In helpless impotence to try to fashion
Our woe in living words how'er uncouth.

Writing out of a settled conviction, not out of any factitious Byronic melancholy, he expressed in 'The City of Dreadful Night' his own part of the truth, "truth of winter and black night." Except in some points of style and technique, he needs defence no more than Baudelaire.

Despite what this paper and others said, Thomson had more than one message. It was the morbid analyst who wrote:

Life liveth but in Life, and doth not roam
To other realms if all be well at home:
"Solid as ocean-foam," quoth ocean-foam.

But the question is really not of messages but of artistic success, and if he could have perceived the conditions of success in his lighter work he would have given the world something to set in the balance against what, as things fell out, has heavily outweighed all his other writings.

STET.

REVIEWS

J. B. BURY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Invasion of Europe by the Barbarians. By J. B. Bury. Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

IT is a little odd to think that Bury was appointed to the Regius Professorship of History, not only in succession to Acton, but also in preference to Admiral Mahan. The Admiral was the choice of King Edward, and it is not the smallest of Lord Balfour's many services to the humanities that, besides taking the common-sense point of view that this was no appointment for an American, he also put forward so admirable an alternative. For it is one of the defects of University posts in the gift of the Crown that the Prime Minister is usually likely to recommend a candidate who will get a "good Press"—whose writings will be known, that is to say, at least to the readers of the more cultured Sunday papers. Bury can hardly be said to have possessed this qualification at any time of his life. Perhaps for want of the gift that might have given it to him he must be denied the rank of a great historian. His defect was that he did not as a rule know how to interest people in a subject unless they were interested in it already: that is to say, he did not write well, and so, in spite of the variety of his subjects, he became a purely academic historian. He was less of a *writer* even than Acton, who wrote so little, and his influence on the teaching of history at Cambridge, I should say, was also less.

But he did have a career of first-class achievement, and perhaps he is not to be blamed for there having been so few readers willing to take an interest in what he had to tell them. He was a devoted and intensive specialist. He knew all that there is to be known (a good deal, and much of it more attractive than Gibbon thought it) about the later Roman Empire. Here his knowledge of the Slav languages, unusual in England, made him a pioneer, and it is here, I imagine, that his most solid contributions to knowledge are to be found. From the point of view of the wider public, his learning choked him. His life-work should have been a history of the later Roman Empire from the death of Theodosius onwards—a point of departure which he defended with excellent arguments—and he published a first instalment of this, covering the period as far as the year 800, in 1889. Even then he was overwhelmed by the mass and variety of his materials, and seemed unable to decide whether he was writing for the specialist or for the general educated public. He explained that he had avoided as far as possible trespassing "on the field occupied by Dahn in Germany and by Mr. Hodgkin in England," while narrating fully those wars of the sixth century which had so far escaped intensive elucidation.

This is, of course, a proper temper in a man who aims merely at adding to knowledge by technical papers contributed to learned periodicals. But the man who sets out to write a comprehensive history should make it complete and well-proportioned irrespective of what has been done before him. Bury might well have done this. There are signs in this early work of the true and illuminative historical imagination. There is at least one really Gibbonian foot-note (relating to Hypatia) and there is a singularly exciting chapter of speculation on the significance of the plague in Justinian's reign. Here he suggests (and for so scientific an historian it is a bold sweep of the fancy) that the changes in humanity which condition the passage from one

epoch into another may be accompanied by such changes in the individual human organism as will invite the ravages of epidemic disease. But, side by side with this and with brilliant descriptions of Justinian and Theodora and of the "Nika" insurrection, we have many pages together devoted (from the point of view of the general educated reader) in wholly disproportionate detail to episodes in the period which have nothing to recommend them but previous neglect. Bury speaks of "the somewhat tedious wars in the Balkan peninsula at the end of the sixth century, described by Theophylactus." Like all historians, he was sometimes inaccurate, but never more wantonly so than in the use of that qualifying adverb.

Thirty-eight years elapsed between the publication of this beginning and Bury's death last year. During this time he might have been expected not only to complete his task but also to revise his results and to remodel the whole so as to make it the comprehensive and shapely work of which he was undoubtedly capable. But he plunged instead into all the unexplored jungles that border the main highway through his chosen subject, and he brought back thence little but purely technical reports. In 1912 he brought out a continuation which carries the narrative as far as the accession of Basil the Macedonian in the year 867. In 1923 he published a revised and amplified version of the original work as far as the death of Justinian. It is possible (I do not know, and Professor Hearnshaw does not tell us) that the narrative between this and the Empress Irene also exists in revised form and may be given to us.

It would be a poor tribute to Bury's memory to pretend that there are no reasons for disappointment in this record. It would be still more unfair to allow it to be supposed that this record embraces all that he did of importance. His subjects, as I have said, were various, nearly as various as those of his master, Freeman. He produced a standard edition of Pindar. He wrote nearly the best general history of Greece in existence. He wandered so far afield as to write an admirable life of St. Patrick, a brief but pregnant 'History of Free Thought,' and a most suggestive enquiry into the origin and growth of 'The Idea of Progress.' Besides these, I ought to mention his 'Student's Roman Empire,' a work which is far more readable than its outward resemblance to a text-book would lead one to believe, his illuminating Creighton Memorial Lecture on 'The Constitution of the Later Roman Empire,' and an edition of Gibbon which will not soon be superseded.

These represent a considerable achievement. His lectures on the barbarian invasions, here printed, make an addition to it. No one can read them without obtaining a clearer idea of the movements which actually made up the *Völkerwanderung* and of their effect on the Roman world. If Bury does not give us any convincing explanation of why the Empire was unable to provide itself with adequate military self-protection, that does not distinguish him from any other historian. But one cannot stifle one's regret that he did not provide that comprehensive, authoritative history of the Later, the East Roman, and the Byzantine Empires for which the educated reader who is not a specialist is still waiting. Gibbon, as Bury frequently pointed out, gravely misrepresents the whole period. Our modern view of it dates no further back than Finlay, since whose time enormous additions have been made to our knowledge. No doubt the bulk and the frequency of these made a serious hindrance. But Bury was an historian with a latent capacity for appealing to the general reader. He suppressed it, and his work remained undone, and I know not who, in this field, is to replace him.

SHAVIAN ECONOMICS

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism. By Bernard Shaw. Constable. 15s.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S testament of his social faith may easily prove the most significant work of our time, for implicit in it is the likeliest history of the future that has yet appeared. When Mr. Shaw published his pamphlet, entitled, 'How to Settle the Irish Question,' many with a professed interest in politics took little notice of it. He said the way to settle the Irish question was to send for a copy of one of the acts establishing one of the dominions, scissors and paste, and to substitute the word Ireland for Canada or whichever it was, and that the thing would be done. Substantially that was what happened. This guide to Socialism is hardly likely to be completely ignored even by professed politicians. The trend of its argument is in the same direction as social evolution, and while no one will live to see its hopes fulfilled—and some will be thankful—it contains what will probably prove a remarkably accurate vision of the future. To say this is apparently to indulge in the proverbially dangerous and gratuitous and futile game of prophesying. Actually no more is involved than an analysis of the existing situation. Society has been moving towards equality, political and economic. Statisticians, who of course are suspect as such, will prove that the national income is still divided in about the same proportions as fifty years ago. But this leaves out income tax and the social services.

The latest gospel, which is of course very old, is the gospel of economic equality. According to Mr. Shaw that is the meaning of Socialism. The first fourteen chapters of the book are devoted to the attempt to prove that Socialism in this sense of exact equality of income for everybody is the only practicable solution of the problem of distribution. The only suggestion of the slightest modification of this is the statement that there would not be a quarrel over an odd halfpenny. In short, Mr. Shaw means what he says. Many Socialists mean by Socialism something different from this. Mr. Shaw does not. This is the fundamental article of his economic creed, which he here so persuasively expounds to the intelligent woman.

It is important to understand the argument by which this conclusion is reached. The method used is the method of exhaustion. There are, it is argued, insuperable objections to all other proposed methods of distribution. The criterion is practicability rather than justice. Mr. Shaw follows in the footsteps of the Venerable Archdeacon Paley, who posed the problem of distribution in the famous dilemma known as Paley's pigeons, and answered it by saying that private property was unjust but necessary. Mr. Shaw's view is that private property (which is distinguished from personal property) is unjust and unnecessary.

What then are the condemned alternatives to exact equality of distribution? Seven are given. To each what he or she produces; to each what he or she deserves; to each what he or she can get and hold; to the common people enough to keep them alive while they work all day, and the rest to the gentry; income according to class; *laissez-faire*; exact equality. The first six are dismissed as impracticable or unjust or unstable. It is easy to show that it is impossible to decide what any individual produces. It is almost as easy to show the impossibility of reward according to desert. The method called "grab" condemns itself and is disastrous. Oligarchy, the present method, is unstable, it is held, and is breaking down. Class income can be defended only by confusing money and authority. *Laissez-faire* will wreck civilization. Nothing remains but equality.

The contention of the book stands or falls with this one idea. The classic arguments against it are dealt with. The population argument with its Aristotelian authority is easily answered by a convinced egalitarian. Population can be controlled. The "optimum" population is not known, nor the limits of the earth's capacity. What is desirable has yet to be discovered. There follows an interesting positive argument for equality as eugenic, as opposed to inequality which, preventing many desirable marriages, is dysgenic.

But the critical argument is about incentive. It was long ago pointed out that the Shavian answer to the statement that our present economic order may not be perfect but does work, would be that it may be perfect but does not work. It is always breaking down. Mr. Shaw does not here make this Shavian point. He argues rather that the present economic order cannot last, is constantly being modified, and that even within it there is enough economic equality to prove that inequality is not a necessary incentive. Work in many grades, it is pointed out, is done by men and women whose remuneration is identical though the work they do, while similar, is not identical. Money, it is argued, is not the incentive in either the most difficult or the most disagreeable work. Some of the most difficult, some of the most valuable, and some of the most disagreeable work is done for little pay or none at all, even at present. "The really effective incentive to work is our needs."

Most people will greet this argument according to their prepossessions. There will be a murmur of "human nature." The present writer does not profess the certainty either of Mr. Shaw or his critics. We probably do not know very much about human nature. We may, with Mr. Shaw, think most people actually unspeakable but think human nature potentially very different. What the psychologists say is very properly suspect for they are so frequently impossibly ignorant and dogmatic philosophers. Perhaps the wider our experience the less dogmatic about what is called human nature we become. But the story of the opera-singer in an egalitarian country who refused to do anything but sell programmes may contain more than a mere debating point. And there is the question of the conditions necessary for certain kinds of work. Mr. Shaw's book could not have been written by a man who lived on a diet of nothing but potatoes. Some kinds of work have been done on such diet. Mr. Shaw would reply that with enough of the right food for everyone the question would not arise. But what of the other conditions necessary for concentrated intellectual effort? Quiet, for instance, which is rapidly becoming almost undiscoverable, and must increasingly command a scarcity price?

As the whole argument of the book turns on equality we have devoted most of our space to it. But not so Mr. Shaw. The greater part of the book is taken up with the means to this end, of which nationalization of most things from coal mining to banking is the chief. This is more familiar. But two things should be singled out—the conservatism on the question of the gold standard, and the valuable contention that the total result of our present economic system is unwilling and blind or, as Mr. Shaw puts it, that we are in a runaway car.

The latter part of the book, where Mr. Shaw gives us his theories of politics, is the least satisfactory. There is an attack on democracy, which we humbly submit Mr. Shaw may not fully understand. There is a suggestion of what would amount to religious persecution in regard to those who believe we should put up with misery in this world for the sake of the glory of the next. And there is an attack on theocracy. Mr. Shaw does not seem to have perceived that the gospel of Socialism, not only according to Marx, but according to Shaw equally, may involve something very like theocracy if an honestly held religious belief

judged to be inconsistent with it were to lead to prosecution. It is not necessary, perhaps, to argue against this Shavian Calvinism.

Late in the book Mr. Shaw exclaims, "But I could go on like this for ever!" A reviewer of this book is similarly tempted to exclaim. There is so much to hold up for admiration or question. And there is the difficulty of trying to avoid the word brilliant.

This is Mr. Shaw's longest and most impatiently awaited book. It appears in a decorated binding, luridly enwrapped. It might be said to be Mr. Shaw's gentlest prose telling of deepest thought. The intelligent woman is to be congratulated.

ROSSETTI AND HIS PUBLISHER

The Letters of D. G. Rossetti to his Publisher.
The Scholartis Press. 15s.

SEEING that Rossetti, in his last phase, was a Hamlet destined to no better companions and biographers than Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, we can hardly be given too many original documents as material for our judgment of him. What Mr. Doughty here offers us is a fully, even excessively but always accurately, annotated edition of the hitherto unpublished correspondence of Rossetti with F. S. Ellis, having reference mainly to the 'Poems' of 1870. The letters are mostly brief, concerned with the minutiae of book-production, and too businesslike to be fully revelative of their writer's personality; but the reader who studies them in conjunction with Rossetti's other correspondence of 1869-70 will be in a better way towards understanding the character of the man and the temper in which he at long last appeared before the general public as a poet.

W. M. Rossetti, loyal to facts but seldom quite sensitive enough to circumstances, did a great deal to encourage the belief that Dante Gabriel thought of himself as primarily a poet, only secondarily a painter. It is true enough that Dante Gabriel, when he had set about preparing the volume of 1870, often said as much; but the conviction was reached only when trouble with his eyesight had forced him to consider the possibility of permanent inability to paint. And this has an important bearing on the problem, be it ethical or only one of taste, of his conduct in directing the exhumation of the poems buried in his wife's grave. For the Rossetti who, after seven years, so recovered the text of his principal poems was not a man hopeful of a great future as a painter and coveting also fame as a poet: he was a man who, with some excuse though erroneously, feared that he would soon be totally debarred from painting, and who thus returned to poetry as his sole consolation. The decision made, there was an overwhelmingly strong reason, a reason much more creditable to Rossetti than mere vanity, for the anxiety with which, in this correspondence with his publisher, he is found arranging a good reception for the volume. What has been recovered at such cost to his feelings must not even seem to be unworthy of the sacrifice made for it, and instant, abundant applause must justify in his own eyes a man who at moments doubts "whether it was all worth while."

At the moment of poetic triumph, and it must be remembered that from April to October of 1870, when Buchanan's attack was published, Rossetti had little but praise, he was already in part the overwrought creature of the final period. The chloral had been begun while he was working on the text; the whisky, which, with the chloral and Fanny Schott, finally broke him down was being absorbed in bulk; and he had discovered that sonnets meant insomnia. But the old, resolute, confident, Rabelaisian Rossetti of the 'sixties reasserted himself fitfully. Even this mainly

businesslike correspondence with Ellis gives us glimpses of him, as in rude references to the anticipated hostility of Buchanan, and in a limerick about his own friend Dallas, the contents of which were not determined wholly by the scarcity of rhymes to that name. For the most part, however, these letters show him occupied with the question of format and the problem of working the critical Press. Will Ellis see that the block-maker so deals with the beautiful cover-design as to thicken rather than thin its lines? Would red-gold be better for the binding? May he have proofs in this colour and that? All this, apart from its interest for the student of Rossetti the designer, has a certain value as showing the material counterpart of spiritual indecisions revealed in his other correspondence of the same period. More generally amusing is his plotting to get friendly critics heard before the hostile and the doubtful receive review copies. The eulogists are carefully marshalled: Swinburne, in the *Fortnightly*; William Morris, in the *Academy*; Skelton; Stillman; Sidney Colvin; Joseph Knight, who is to deal with the book in two papers; Dr. Hake. But this is only the beginning. The exhibition of Rossetti as his own Press agent is complete and impressive.

At the very end, with reference to the volume of new verse published a decade later, we have a sight of a friend who was eventually to surpass even Rossetti in that business: Watts-Dunton is to have the dedication of that volume because he has intimated that his heart is set on having it. But, as regards the earlier volumes, all the sincere and fervent eulogies, followed by the quite brisk sale of the book could not compensate Rossetti for Buchanan's attack on him. Swinburne, who made friends with Morley quite soon after Morley's terrific denunciation of him, was amazed that Rossetti could feel all panegyrics cancelled by the petty abuse of a single pseudonymous poetaster; but within two years even Swinburne's own magnificent public tribute, that "dear act of friendship," was held to have been wiped out by a few words of moderate private remonstrance. Rossetti by then was lamentably ready to suspect his best friends, ready to collapse into the arms of those who ministered to the caricature of the regal, casually commanding man he had been and presently peddled out their recollections of "the real Rossetti."

OYSTERS AND CHAMPAGNE

My Life. By Isadora Duncan. Gollancs. 15s.

"NO woman," wrote the late Isadora Duncan, composing the preface to her autobiography, of which this posthumous volume was intended to be the first part—"no woman has ever told the whole truth of her life." Least of all, she might have added, do we expect to get the whole truth from the kind of women who purport to make a clean breast of it in public. The reader they are to give themselves and everybody else away, the less they seem to be able to tell us. It is not a question of dishonesty, but of inability. "I do not possess the pen of a Cervantes or even of a Casanova," says Miss Duncan; and indeed she does not. Yet her book seems to have been taken seriously in America. "One of the most moving confessions I have ever read," says one distinguished critic (we quote from the paper cover); "throws new and engrossing light," says another; "belongs among the few great classics of autobiography," observes a third. It is chastening to reflect that men are highly rewarded for writing that kind of thing in America.

Isadora Duncan was evidently a great believer in pre-natal influences, and it is, therefore, a fact not without significance that her mother—a simple-minded woman with a strong taste for shrimps—should have

found herself, for some weeks before the child's birth, quite unable to partake of any kind of nourishment except oysters and champagne. The mother's passing whim became second nature in the child. And it is a singular fact, which may be observed by anyone whose duty it is to read these modern "classics of autobiography," that a persistence in this particular form of diet produces after a time, a quite definite outlook upon life—a sort of Riviera philosophy, a veering between dress clothes at Monte Carlo and togas and sandals at the Parthenon, a kind of earnest triviality, a self-conscious striving after naturalness which precludes any possibility of ever being yourself, or seeing other people as they really are. People of this kind, when they suddenly find themselves without money (as they often do), merely eat six oysters a day instead of twenty-four, one *pêche-Melba* instead of fifty. Consequently they starve, and everybody is very sorry for them—quite rightly. It is impossible not to feel sorry for Isadora Duncan. But it is another thing to be asked to accept her judgments. She expressed herself, very completely, in her wonderful dancing; but it is doubtful whether she ever thought seriously about anything else for two minutes.

For instance, when she tells us that, at thirteen or fourteen years of age, she would sit in the wings of provincial theatres in America, studying Marcus Aurelius or some modern work of philosophy, until her "cue" came, we simply do not believe it—though, no doubt, she did. When she asserts that at the age of thirteen (or was it twelve?) she sat down and thought matters out, and came to the conclusion that marriage was a mistake, that every woman had a right to have a child whenever she liked and by whom she liked, and that for her part she would never betray the women's "cause" by going through such an obsolete ceremony—again we do not believe, and we do not suppose that she ever thought we would. When she describes the personalities of her various lovers—a subject to which she devotes a great deal of space—we observe that she never seems to get an inch beneath the skin. Ernst Haeckel, Thode and Stanislavsky are all made to look slightly ridiculous. We read of Mr. Gordon Craig's "white, lithe, gleaming body," and of another young man, named "Pim," who had "lips like rose-coloured tulips." Then there was Mr. Walter Rummel, the pianist, who was called "Archangel" and "Angel of Light"—until he fell in love with one of her own pupils—and D'Annunzio, who was like "Phœbus Apollo himself" or "the serpent in Paradise"; and the little anonymous doctor, with the black beard, who turned out to be the most energetic lover of all. "I suppose," she writes, "that a woman who has known but one man is like a person who has heard only one composer"—which is, after all, a very handsome compliment to mankind in general.

But the truth is that this part of her book (and unfortunately it is the larger part) is not to be taken seriously. The real interest begins and ends with her few—too few—references to the gradual development of the technical side of her art. The origin of it, she says, is American; yet she learned the characteristic trick of fluttering her arms, hands and fingers (a trick which everybody has copied since) from watching a palm-tree trembling in the early morning breeze outside her bedroom window in Abbazia. She describes very clearly and convincingly the electrifying effect upon her art of Mr. Walter Damrosch's masterful conducting, when she danced with his orchestra. All this is of genuine interest, as are the descriptions of her friendships with Duse and Pavlova. Isadora Duncan was a great artist, and while she stuck to the one subject which she really understood—or rather, felt—her opinions were always worth recording. But this background of a sort of female twentieth-century Casanova; this feeble fluttering from hotel to hotel, listening to the same inane conversation, meeting the same inane people, eating the same absurd food

(which exists nowhere else on earth), and calling it "life"—this has no interest for anybody except the other inhabitants of that small and peculiar world of oysters and champagne to which such women as Isadora seem to have been dedicated from birth.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

The Russian Revolution. By James Mavor. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

THIS book is a sequel to the late Professor Mavor's 'Economic History of Russia,' of which a revised edition appeared in 1925. Here, too, prominence is necessarily given to the economic aspect of events, the story of which is carried as far as the adoption of the New Economic Policy and its effects in subsequent years. In the author's view Machiavelli's description of the Italians of his day is equally applicable to contemporary Russians: "They are more enslaved than the Hebrews, more oppressed than the Persians, more scattered than the Athenians, without head, without order, beaten, despoiled, torn, overrun, having endured every kind of desolation."

But useful as is the narrative it is Professor Mavor's conclusions which are perhaps most interesting. An attempt is made to see the Russian revolution in historical perspective, to examine and estimate the underlying forces at work. In this connexion is quoted an article by Professor Peter Struvé in which the influence of the idea of a Slav mission is discussed:

On the one hand, men with minds of a profoundly religious temper have believed in such a mission. For them it signified that Russia, by its spiritual essence and creative genius, would in some way recall and reassert the highest truth of Christianity. Such is the profound idea, at once historical,

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philosophical, and religious, of the Slavophiles and Dostoevsky. Side by side with this there is an idea, in form identical with that just described, but set in a different context. This is the conception of a militant realization of socialism, an atheistical faith, a belief not in the kingdom of God on earth, but in a godless supersession of all that is historic, including religion, of all that has happened irrationally and exists on the earth.

Professor Struvé goes on to observe that the first of these has shown itself in the notions of the nation as a collective individuality, and of an individual and collective call from God. The conclusion drawn is that the revolution is the historical conflict of these two spiritual principles, Christian and anti-Christian, which has not ended. This view receives support from de Maistre's prediction that without serfdom or religion autocracy in Russia would become impossible, for serfdom has long been abolished, and Struvé thinks that in Russia religion "did not penetrate into everyday life as a principle of discipline." But this interpretation, Professor Mavor concludes, does not do very much to help us to understand the revolution. On the other hand he does not think that the revolution is susceptible of interpretation, solely in terms of economics and politics.

Professor Mavor's view is that the uprising against the autocracy was the culmination of a century and a half of struggle during which the majority in Russia was oppressed by a minority, numerically insignificant. It might be argued, he thinks, that the revolution originated in the Pugachev rebellion at the end of the third quarter of the eighteenth century, or in 1824 with the revolt of the Decabrists. The revolution of 1905-1906 may be regarded as the first stage of the revolution of which these earlier events were the preliminary phases. This certainly is to take a long view, and as Professor Mavor has gone so far it is rather surprising that he does not go further, and consider the extent to which the revolution can be regarded as consisting in a reaction against the westernizing policy of Peter the Great. Some writers have thought that Russia has been doing unconsciously what seventeenth-century Japan did deliberately, that is, severing connexion with the western world.

The general conclusion is expressed as follows:

Instead of guiding the backward people of Russia, as they pretended to do, along a new path of social progress, they have plunged them into a primitive condition from which it must take them long years to emerge, and they have wasted the products of centuries of human progress by threatening to induce in the societies of Western Europe an epidemic of indiscriminate destructiveness. Thus the experiment would seem to prove beyond question that under Bolshevik policy and methods no social advancement is possible, for Bolshevism is in its essence the very antithesis of progress.

This essentially negative interpretation of the revolution is not very enlightening, even though there may be much which seems to justify it, and it fails to take account of the extent to which the idea of equality has been realized. For all Professor Mavor's endeavour to see the revolution in true perspective it may be doubted whether he has really succeeded.

THE FREE-WILL PROBLEM

The Unique Status of Man. By H. Wildon Carr. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

TO Dr. Wildon Carr ethics has always been the problem of free-will. He was a working philosopher so long ago as 1879, and in an interesting personal aside recalls his impressions of Spencer's 'Data of Ethics,' a blank disappointment. It was as though Hegel had never written. With nothing but biological principles to go upon, Spencer could only say that the "good is conduct conducive to life," after deciding that the pleasures of life showed a balance over the pains. Another balance had to be achieved before a criterion of conduct could be arrived at, a balance between the pleasures of egoism and

those of altruism. To show how this "philosophy," derived from the science of Spencer's time, has been shaken by later developments of science is the aim of Dr. Carr's new book.

The work consists of a series of lectures delivered at the School of Religion in the University of Southern Carolina. Dr. Carr finds the first positive idea of freedom, and therefore the first positive ethics, in the Christian conception which gives man his unique status. The Pauline doctrine was reaffirmed theologically at the Reformation, and then by Pascal against the Jesuits, and, in philosophical terms, by Hegel. "The act of faith which according to the Pauline doctrine . . . stamped the believer . . . raised . . . a problem of the most fundamental nature . . . presented a dilemma from which even to-day no general agreement can be said to have been arrived at." The opposition raised was between flesh or nature and spirit. In the debate proceeding among philosophers in our own day on the relation of mind to nature Dr. Carr asks us to see a new form of the old controversy concerning the relation of the individual soul to God.

Dr. Carr regards the free-will problem from the point of view of the modern Idealism which exalts history as philosophy and inclines to find freedom in the truth of necessity. St. Paul is placed in the line of the Idealists because he made a philosophical interpretation of history a ground of Christian revelation. The method has its dangers. The problems with which a given thinker in a given epoch has been concerned are not necessarily the same problems which later arise from the doctrine of that thinker. Thus in Pascal may not Dr. Carr have found implicit what only came afterwards? Pascal, it can be (and has been) shown, was as anti-historical as Descartes; and though he may have started from the antithesis Nature-Grace, did Descartes with his Thought-Extension do otherwise? In the end Pascal, like the Jesuits, allowed place for nature and natural religion, and therefore for casuistry. No doubt a similar criticism might be applied to Dr. Carr's contrast of the metaphysics of Spinoza and Leibniz, grandiose efforts to resolve the Cartesian dualism of theoretical and practical activity (St. Paul's nature and spirit); he endeavours to show that in spite of their vast difference in thought and feeling, both Spinoza and Leibniz surmounted the vulgar or natural notion of free-will as a mere fact of experience.

Dr. Carr, with the Continental idealists, sees in Hume the most significant figure in English thought. Absolute empiricist and man of fact though he was, the great ironist became St. Paul's ally when in his criticisms of natural religion he showed that religious belief was not the same kind of belief as that which follows from sense-experience. Hume led, on the one hand, to the divorce of science and religion, the positivism of Comte and Spencer, for whom philosophy was a mere interpretation of scientific results, and, on the other, to the absolute idealism which claims to have resolved both science and religion into philosophy.

Dr. Carr claims that his own philosophical system, a pluralism resembling that of Leibniz, is based entirely on an interpretation of empirical science; but in the very making of the claim he abandons the presumption, said to be inherent in idealism, that the exact sciences lack theoretic value, and seems to agree with the realism which turns philosophy into a simple registration of scientific results. On the other hand he holds that scientific results, in throwing doubt on the self-existent, objective universe, support the conclusions of idealism. His argument is interesting; but since representative heads of both the idealist and realist schools declare that Einstein's discoveries leave the debate between idealism and realism exactly where it was, some of Mr. Carr's readers may suspect that there is a fallacy somewhere.

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Tales from Greenery Street. By Denis Mackail. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

WHEN one grows accustomed to the work of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, it loses something of its lustre. At first it seemed strange indeed, and its very strangeness was exciting. If it seems less strange now, that is not because other writers have stolen Mr. Lawrence's fire: his gift is his own, incommunicable, a kind of genius. It continues to well up in him, almost as vigorously as ever, a precious liquid, a natural product; and he is so well satisfied, one imagines, with the assurance of the sacred fount at work within him that he is sometimes careless as to how he bestows it: he cares not what shape the bottle may have, so long as the wine be genuine. So his art is seldom worthy of his creative impulse. Nearly everything he writes displays his peculiar quality; but his response to the demands of form is much more variable, so that he rarely rises above himself, or writes a novel or short story in which the singularity of his private vision is tranquillized by contributing to a more harmonious landscape.

'The Woman Who Rode Away' shows him still preoccupied with sex: there is even an amorous ghost. Mostly he is concerned with the sexual aberrations of women in early middle age: one falls in love with a bull-fighter, another with a peasant, another is attracted by a policeman, a fourth feels drawn towards several long-haired Mexicans, some of whom eventually sacrifice her to the setting sun. The sensations experienced by these women are described with a great deal of elaboration and subtlety, they are intellectualized and philosophized over. But the majority of these sensations could be summed up in the one word "lust," a word which, for some reason, Mr. Lawrence hesitates to use. He is alive to most kinds of beauty, except moral beauty; of this he has scarcely an inkling, and if ever he is dimly aware of its existence he is apt to show hostility to it. There is one beautiful and gracious character in the book, Lady Lathkill: and Mr. Lawrence seems to catch the charm of her personality, not because he understands what makes people like, and cannot but present them as he sees them. As a rule his characters fail to recommend themselves to our affections, and his mind, which can at will make nearly any object of sensory perception beautiful, on every page discovering new and lovely aspects of familiar things, tends, when left to itself, to a train of thought which has in it something ungenerous and ignoble. He says of one of his characters: "There lurked always this hair in her soup: won't they be glad to be rid of me again!" And to my mind in the soup which Mr. Lawrence ladles out so generously to the public there always lurks a hair, and one's appetite suffers.

Many French novelists seem to choose their plots for the sake of their improbability. They remove the passions from life and make abstractions of them, mathematical abstractions, almost: one can imagine them labelled: "Maternal affection 65 horse-power," and a passion so endowed would inevitably prevail against a lower-powered love of field sports. In 'Thérèse,' the authority of the husband and the influence of the family are arrayed against the disinclination felt by more than one of M. Mauriac's heroines to live with her husband, and also against the rather

vague, but potent, disposition in Thérèse to make trouble about something. Her husband Bernard, the great *parti* of the district, was fat and shot all day and revolted all her senses. Why then did she marry him? "There was the childish joy of becoming Anne's sister-in-law." "She was far from indifferent to Bernard's five thousand acres." "She had shown the practical instincts of a house-wife from her earliest childhood, and she was impatient to occupy her proper place in life and society." "She wanted to be protected against she knew not what: she was flying for safety." Very tepid reasons for marriage, and all added together not amounting to one good reason: one would anticipate for Thérèse a dull and useful, but not a tragic career. Nor could one glean from the rather hostile report given by Bernard's mother that Thérèse was more than unsatisfactory:

He was quite ready to wait, but she would have him. No, she's not quite all we could wish, I'm sorry to say—for instance, she smokes far too much—just a pose, of course. But she's a good girl, and absolutely straightforward: and we shall soon put a few wholesome ideas into her head. Of course, there are disadvantages about the marriage. Yes, her grandmother Bellade—I know all about it, but that's all forgotten now, isn't it? Indeed, it wasn't really a scandal, it was so carefully hushed up. Do you believe in heredity? . .

This was all that the mother-in-law, a notoriously candid critic of wives, could find to say against Thérèse. It is odd, then, that in a year or two's time she should find herself in court, defending herself against the charge of attempting to murder her husband.

She was guilty, but acquitted: the family, for the family's sake, stood by her and withheld necessary evidence. There follows her imprisonment as a neurasthenic, an amazing affair by which she is gradually rehabilitated in the eyes of the neighbourhood. M. Mauriac piles one improbability upon another; but



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Daily average hours of sunshine and average maximum daily temperature for the month of July, 1927, in certain English and Swedish Resorts. *Sunshine figures in italics.*

ENGLAND	SWEDEN	ENGLAND
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Brighton - 4.7 hrs. 65.9° F.	Stockholm 8.3 hrs. 73.4° F.	Scarboro' 3.6 hrs. 62.6° F.
Felixstowe 5.1 hrs. 65.8° F.	Gothenb'g 9.7 hrs. 72.7° F.	Harrogate 4.0 hrs. 60.7° F.
	Visby - 8.0 hrs. 69.3° F.	

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According to the Bishop of London:

"It is quite true that the Virgin Birth stands on a different level of evidence from the Resurrection."

Does this mean that one statement in St. Matthew's Gospel is less to be credited than another because it lacks corroborative evidence?

According to Dean Inge:

"When a young man tells his bishop that his belief in the Divinity of Christ is independent of the dogmas about the Virgin Birth and the Bodily Resurrection, very few bishops hesitate to ordain him."

In the discussion on the Prayer Book Measure we have heard much about Transubstantiation. Ought we not, before sanctioning any changes whatever, to hear more about the fundamental questions of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection? Do we already need a Prayer Book which permits doubt concerning these doctrines?

A Petition

TO HIS GRACE THE
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

WHEREAS it is evident that differences exist in the Church of England not only on such a question as the Reservation of the Sacrament, but on the interpretation of various clauses in the Creeds: We, the undersigned, earnestly request that before the Prayer Book measure is brought before Parliament you will, in the interest of the whole people of England, cause a statement to be made as to the doctrine of the Church of England which will give a clear answer to the following questions:—

- Whether it is necessary for a candidate for Holy Orders to believe in
 - Eternal punishment.
 - The Virgin Birth of Christ.
 - The Resurrection of Christ.
- Whether the Church of England holds that the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of Christ are historical questions which must be decided in accordance with the evidence, using the word "evidence" in the same sense that it would have for a secular historian or a judge in a court of law.

(Signed).....

You are invited to sign this petition and forward it to the Political Truth Association, 22, Ely Place, E.C.1.

Copies of the petition, with space for numerous signatures, will be forwarded on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

The following book discusses the questions given in the petition, in the light of the researches of modern scholars.

THE SECOND REFORMATION

A Plea for Doubt in Doctrine

By H. P. CARTER

Demy 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. Bound in cloth.

Published by the

POLITICAL TRUTH ASSOCIATION,

22 ELY PLACE, LONDON, E.C.1

Copies can be obtained from all Booksellers

he writes with so much earnestness, gravity, authority and self-conviction that the emotions seem as natural as the behaviour with which they are supposed to correspond seems unnatural. 'Thérèse' is a bewildering book.

Mr. Mottram's heroine, Marny Childers, has certain characteristics in common with Madeleine Vanderlynden, of 'The Spanish Farm.' She is stolid and good-natured and persistent. In addition she has a passion for games and bathes (in a canal) upon the least provocation, to the astonishment of the French. Her girlhood, or some of it, takes place before the war, her schooldays during the war, her troubles and her usefulness at the close of the war and the beginning of peace. Mr. Mottram understands her well and his account of her school-life is a triumph; her two love-affairs are less satisfactory. I think he lays too much stress on her passion for athletics; she has a more than Meredithian prowess in the field. The mere thought of her, always swinging along at a good pace, is vaguely troubling to male vanity. On one occasion she is described as going downstairs "three stairs at a time"—a tremendous achievement. However, one cannot fail to like her. As is his custom, Mr. Mottram uses his characters as illustrations of the age in which they live, and it is a tribute to the delicacy of his historical sense that one should feel that the English Miss herself has already dated—she belongs to a decade that is dead.

'Tales from Greenery Street' are certainly an argument for marriage, and an early marriage at that. How charmingly Mr. Mackail describes the lives of these young couples, wistfully, humorously, not omitting their trials and irritabilities, but casting over the whole adventure of matrimony a faint rosy light, the merest breath of romantic enchantment, that only a hardened realist could take offence at. He is, perhaps, too benign, too tolerant, too unwilling to describe temperaments that offer no compromise and expect none. But he is so light in the hand, has so much wit and charm and understanding, that one readily forgives him for not carrying heavier guns.

SHORTER NOTICES

John Bunyan: A Study in Personality. By G. B. Harrison. Dent. 6s.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. Noel Douglas. 10s. 6d.

THE approaching tercentenary of the birth of John Bunyan has already been the occasion for a number of books on the subject of England's greatest Puritan. Mr. G. B. Harrison, who has deserved well of his generation for his researches into Elizabethan literature, may be congratulated on having added to their number. He writes from an entirely detached standpoint, and with regard to the controversies that raged between Puritan and Anglican he is profoundly indifferent. But he has a very genuine admiration for Bunyan both as man and writer. After dealing with the leading incidents in Bunyan's career—his conversion, his ministry at Bedford, his trial and imprisonment—he proceeds to a consideration of Bunyan's place and influence in English literature. He asserts that "Bunyan remains, in his writings and in his life, as the essence and epitome of English Puritanism." His statement that "Bunyan's saints, Christian, Hopeful and Faithful, are grave, austere men; they inspire great respect, but little love," will be disputed only by those uncritical hagiologists who have been busily employed of late in the manufacturing of haloes for their patron saint.

A further contribution to Bunyan literature is a beautifully-produced reproduction of the first edition of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' which has been issued from the house of Noel Douglas. Only six copies of the original edition are known to be in existence at the present time. The present volume is reproduced from one of the four in the King's Library of the British Museum.

How a Play is Produced. By Karel Capek. Bles. 6s.

THE title sounds didactic; the contents are colloquial and confessional. Karel Capek, as we all know, is a dramatist as well as journalist and novelist. He has added the word "robot" to the English language, and he has been through all the pains and embarrassments of "being produced." Now he tells us how life goes on behind the scenes in Bohemia, and

the more we examine its stresses and strains the more we recognize the truths of internationalism. We are one in our stage-managers, actors, property masters and critics. We are one in our sufferings. Mr. Capek whistles to keep up his courage, and his whistling has a mournful humour that is most engaging. To read this book is to discover that a theatre contains a departmentalism beyond the dreams of any civil service, and that the servants of those departments are very grave men before whom every dramatist must do obeisance. However, dramatists have, or at least should have, the gift of speech, and can tell of what they suffer. Thus Mr. Capek, after prostrating himself before managers, producers, property men and all the supernumeraries of drama, does manage, as he rolls on the green-room floor, to get the last word in. And it is a witty word, curt, fanciful and incisive.

The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain. By Ralph Adams Cram. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

THIS is a new and revised edition of a book which has for some time been out of print. The author provides a useful survey of Britain's ruined abbeys from Glastonbury to Fountains. His standpoint is that of an Anglo-Catholic of the more extreme school, and he is eloquent in praise of the monastic system. He overstates his case; when he asserts, for instance, that monasticism was "majestic always, and beneficent," he is challenging the verdict of virtually every English historian. It is possible to deplore the methods by which the dissolution of the monasteries was brought about—indeed it would be difficult to condone them—while at the same time frankly admitting that innumerable abuses had crept into the monastic system. At the same time, few will dispute the truth of Dr. Cram's statement that the estates in the possession of the monastic orders were "managed far more justly and generously than those of secular landlords"—at least as a general rule. The book appears to have been written mainly for American readers.

Cheerful Yesterdays. By the Hon. O. T. J. Alpers. Murray. 15s.

MR. ALPERS must have been a man of unusual grit. Taken to New Zealand at the age of eight by his Danish father, he began to earn his living as a pupil-teacher before he reached the legal age of fourteen, spent half his life as a schoolmaster with occasional excursions into journalism, then went to the Bar, and finally was raised to the Bench of the Supreme Court of New Zealand. But nothing in his life is more creditable than the courage with which he set himself, a few days after a grave operation had revealed the fact that he must die from cancer within a few months, to write the story of his life by way of an addition to the scanty provision which he could make for his family. One could easily excuse occasional gusts of gloom or pessimism in an autobiography written in such conditions, but Mr. Alpers has not written a word that is out of keeping with his title. His book, as Lord Birkenhead observes, is "a worthy record of a fine personality and a valiant career," and we recommend it for the sake not only of the interesting story which it tells, but of the strong and sunny spirit which it reveals.

Baghdad in Bygone Days, from the Journals and Correspondence of Claudius Rich, 1808-1821. By Constance M. Alexander. Murray. 16s.

CLAUDIUS RICH, Esq., diplomat, Oriental linguist, and antiquarian, was undoubtedly one of the most efficient representatives Great Britain has ever had at Baghdad. The story of how, at the age of only twenty-three, he "kept his end up" against successive Turkish Pashas, never yielding an inch, always standing upon his dignity as British Agent, yet contriving to be far more popular with the local population than the pashas ever were, is as inspiring in its way as any of the tales of heroism which were at that time reaching England from the Peninsular War. Rich's discoveries at Babylon and other ancient sites formed the nucleus of the present collection in the British Museum. The only thing he could not subdue was the climate. There was no ice at Baghdad in 1808, no punkahs, and no quinine. The quickest mail from home took three or four months. His wife had to wear the yashmak when she went abroad, like a native woman, and the family seem to have spent a large part of their day in the cellars, trying to keep cool. There were Wahabi invasions, and many other troubles that have a familiar sound nowadays. But the climate was the real enemy. In the end Rich died of cholera, while on a visit to Persia, at the early age of thirty-five. He was a brilliant public servant, who was rather shabbily treated by the Indian Government, and the author has done well to revive his memory.

A Catalogue of British Family Histories. Compiled by T. R. Thomson. Murray. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a very useful list of British Family Histories, which will, at the same time, serve as a much-needed supplement to the standard works on the subject. As the author asks for omissions, we wonder whether the Subject Index of the London Library has been consulted. It contains the names of a number of Family Histories not mentioned by Mr. Thomson. Some of them may be, of course, merely cross-references or extracts from larger works. At any rate Mr. Thomson's work is remarkably complete in modern privately printed books, and is of real value.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review. Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

- OF DRAMATICK POESIE. By John Dryden. 1668. Preceded by a Dialogue on Poetic Drama by T. S. Eliot. Etchells and Macdonald. £1 11s. 6d. Limited Edition.
- THE COMPLEAT ANGLER, OR THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION. Facsimile of 1653 Edition. Black. 10s. 6d.
- THE ANATOMICAL EXERCISES OF DR. WILLIAM HARVEY. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. The Nonesuch Press. 25s. Limited Edition.
- THE SKULL OF SWIFT. By Shane Leslie. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.
- THE AMERICAN CARAVAN. Edited by Van Wyck Brooks and Others. Cape. 21s.
- CIVILIZATION. By Clive Bell. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.
- ASPECTS OF JUDAISM. By Rabbi Salis Daiches. Routledge. 7s. 6d.
- THE WORLD WITHOUT AND THE WORLD WITHIN. By Theodora Thompson. The Bodley Head. 6s.
- MYANTHROPUS, OR THE FUTURE OF THE BODY. By Ronald Campbell Macfie. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- THE LIFE OF GENERAL LORD RAWLINSON OF TRENT. Edited by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. Cassell. 25s.
- THE DIARIES OF MARY COUNTESS OF MEATH. Edited by her Husband. Hutchinson. 21s.
- ARTHUR LIONEL SMITH, MASTER OF BALLIOL (1916-1924). By his Wife. Murray. 15s.
- TRAMPS OF A SCAMP. By Edward Michael in collaboration with J. B. Booth. Laurie. 21s.
- SPIES. By Joseph Gollomb. Hutchinson. 18s.
- THE FRIARS IN SUSSEX. 1228-1928. By E. B. Poland. Hove: Cambridges. 12s.
- THE IMPORTANCE OF TERTULLIAN IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIAN DOGMA. By The Rev. James Morgan. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

VERSE

- THE IMPORTUNED. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Chatto and Windus. 5s.
- I SEE THE EARTH. By Eliza De Lore. The Scholartis Press. 12s. 6d. Limited edition. (June 14.)
- TOULEMONDE. By Christopher Morley. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.
- FIRST POEMS. By Betty Askwith. Secker. 3s. 6d.
- DARWIN. By Digain Williams. Liverpool: Evans. 1s. 6d.

FICTION

- THE STORIES OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. (June 8.)
- GO AS YOU PLEASE. By Owen Archer. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.
- HANG! By Frank Penn-Smith. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
- A FOOL IN THE FOREST. By A. R. and R. K. Weekes. Constable. 7s. 6d. (June 14.)
- THROUGH BEDS OF STONE. By M. L. Haskins. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
- THREE MEN: THREE WOMEN. By Geoffrey West. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.
- PAGANS. By Andrew Soutar. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
- THE SNARL OF THE BEAST. By Carroll John Daly. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
- BITTER HONEY. By Adrian Heard. Ward Lock. 7s. 6d.
- THE DARK DOORWAY. By Evelyn Heritage. Ward, Lock. 7s. 6d.

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INSURANCE HINTS ON ANNUITIES

By D. CAMERON FORRESTER

THERE have been several requests recently from readers of this column for hints on the purchase of annuities. One is for information as to how the rates of the Canadian offices compare with the rates offered by what may be called the purely "ordinary" life offices of this country. Now, the returns yielded on money invested in an annuity fluctuate a good deal, not only as between one office and another, but as regards the rates granted at various ages, and it really comes to a question of the actual date of birth of the intending annuitant and the form of contract required if one is to give the best advice. Some offices quote for age last birthday, others allow for half years and quarter years of age, and others again for each completed month of age, or the actual age attained. Then there is the question of whether the stamp duty on the annuity bond is payable by the purchaser or the annuity office, and also of when the first payment is to be made after purchase and whether there will be a proportionate final payment to the actual date of death.

In answer to the first query I will now quote the rates granted by a few well-known British offices as compared with the return yielded by the Canadian offices:

	Males Aged						Females Aged					
	60	65	70	60	65	70	60	65	70	60	65	70
Office A	8 9 2	9 18 4	11 19 3	7 7 3	8 10 4	10 4 3	8 11 4	10 1 6	12 4 2	7 8 8	8 12 6	10 7 6
" B	8 11 4	10 1 6	12 4 2	7 8 8	8 12 6	10 7 6	8 15 6	10 6 1	12 8 5	7 12 7	8 17 8	10 14 8
" C	8 15 6	10 6 1	12 8 5	7 12 7	8 17 8	10 14 8	8 18 8	10 9 0	12 12 0	7 15 10	8 19 8	10 15 0
" D	8 18 8	10 9 0	12 12 0	7 15 10	8 19 8	10 15 0	9 6 4	10 16 8	12 19 9	8 3 4	9 7 2	11 2 6
" E	9 6 4	10 16 8	12 19 9	8 3 4	9 7 2	11 2 6	9 6 0	10 15 6	12 17 4	8 3 4	9 6 8	11 1 2
Canadian	9 6 0	10 15 6	12 17 4	8 3 4	9 6 8	11 1 2						

The above are the rates of income—payable in most cases half-yearly—which each £100 invested will purchase. They have been chosen to show the difference in yield which is possible with a few representative British offices, and also to give the comparison with the Canadian offices which was asked for. They are given, however, with the reservation that two British "industrial-ordinary" life offices also quote very good annuity rates, as do one or two Colonial ones which are not Canadian.

A further query of general interest is from a correspondent aged 66 and whose wife is 64, who contemplates the purchase of an annuity. Now, if he effected the annuity on his own life—which would mean a much more substantial return—he might predecease his wife at an early date and the income stop. If he bought the annuity for his wife, to protect her, she might predecease him, and the same state of affairs arise. Even if he bought an annuity on his own life guaranteed for fifteen or twenty years his wife might outlive it and be left without provision during the last few years of her life.

The best form of contract in such a case is that known as a "joint life and survivor" annuity. The income would then be payable throughout their joint lives and also be continued throughout the life of the survivor. In one well-known annuity office each £1,000 invested would purchase on such terms an income of approximately £82 yearly. But a larger yield during the joint lives of husband and wife can be obtained if a contract is effected under which the income is reduced to two-thirds after the first death. Thus for each £1,000 invested the income would be approximately £95 per annum while both husband and wife were alive, and on the death of either £63 odd per annum would be payable to the survivor for life, thus allowing to some extent for the normal reduction in expenditure which might then be expected to occur.

MOTORING

By W. H. STIRLING

THE opportunity was afforded me last week of trying two cars of quite different calibre: one was a 20-60 h.p. Vauxhall and the other a super-seven Triumph. Taking the smaller first, it is well known to everyone that anything coming out of the Triumph factory at Coventry is sure to be up-to-date in every respect. The Triumph people have long had the reputation of being meticulous about details. Nothing is incorporated in any of their productions that has not had the most gruelling of tests; consequently their finished machine runs with the sweetness and exactness of a high-class watch.

One model in which I had a long spin was the super-seven fabric saloon. This is a beautiful little car finished in a delightful manner. Running out of London by way of Kingston, I made for Dorking and Horsham, and thence to the South Coast. The little high-speed engine took all the hills on top gear without an effort, doing mile after mile without faltering. It is wonderful what these little engines will do to-day compared with their performances twenty years ago. Mention must be made of the excellent hydraulic 4-wheel brakes with which the super-seven is fitted. Petrol consumption is about 45 miles to the gallon. I do not know of a finer small car of its class at the price, or one which could give a better performance coupled with extreme trustworthiness.

And now for a few words as to the 20-60 h.p. Vauxhall. This, too, may be described as an owner-driver's car, for everything is provided for his comfort and convenience, including, for instance, a little lamp on the dash which glows red when the engine is not running but the switch is still on. When driving a car like the Vauxhall one notices three things—the power of the engine, the ease with which it delivers its power and the quietness of the gears. One can hardly tell from the sound whether one is on top or third gear, the gear box having four speeds. This quietness and ease of running is one of the charms of sitting behind a powerful engine of a modern car. The slightest pressure on the accelerator and the instant response is delightful, also the ability to crawl on top gear without having to change down saves a lot of bother, especially in traffic. The car I was in had only just come out of the works, but its performance was extremely good and a credit to the Luton management. It was fitted with the usual 4-wheel braking equipment, a Lucas lighting set, and a Delco-Renny starting and ignition.

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Company Meeting

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The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Nitrate Producers' Steamship Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday last at 20 Billiter Buildings, London, E.C.

Sir John Latta, Bt. (the Chairman), said that under the freight conditions that had obtained during the period covered by the accounts the results must be regarded as satisfactory. While their earnings were apparently higher than last year, they were practically the same, as some £13,000 appreciation on investments realized was included. One constantly heard that business was improving, but the difficulty of finding regular employment for their cargo steamers was becoming more accentuated. Their three new steamers had given every satisfaction, while the motor vessel "Anglo-Canadian," which they were building to gain experience of the Diesel engine, was nearing completion.

In regard to the labour position, the relationship between employers and employed was, fortunately, on a much sounder basis than had been the case for many years. The workers themselves were taking an intelligent and more active hand in affairs and demanding clearer definitions from their leaders. Until the system of capitalism, which had withstood the attacks of ages, was superseded by a better, it was, in his opinion, wrong to use it as a means of poisoning the minds of workers, and such action represented a serious stumbling block to the engendering of a better feeling. As showing that capital was the lubricant which kept the industrial machines of the world in motion, the Chairman pointed out that many of our enterprising merchants procured invaluable orders from foreign capitalistic countries from which our artisans greatly benefited—although the latter in no way contributed to the heavy burdens entailed. If the fruits of ambition and of private enterprise were to be confiscated, there would be no pioneers. The application of the same principle was exemplified in the eagerness with which many of our best mechanics sought to escape Trade Union restrictions by emigration. To take the history of their own company as an example, by husbanding savings from the first and investing them in building ships and expanding business had enabled them to give five times more employment than was possible in the early stages of its operations. Their ships were built in England, and steadily recurring employment was for years thereafter provided by loading them with mixed cargoes for Chile. He submitted that had the surplus as earned been divided among workers on the Socialistic system—apart from its injustice—their share in the aggregate would have been

incalculably less than the company's had yielded them. It was the steady accumulation of reproductive assets from small capital beginnings by enterprising traders which provided the highest economic results, and that with the least chance of failure and waste. Exactly the opposite principle of finance—substantially Socialistic in character—was exemplified in the much-discussed shipping venture of the Government of Australia, which everybody knew had proved so disastrous. The sum lost in that transaction alone could have financed fifty companies such as theirs. It was the Socialistic abuse of wealth that created unemployment. If the country was to feed its people and maintain a decent standard of living, capital and labour must shake hands, and the present time seemed propitious. All prejudices on both sides should be wiped out, and mutual obligations squarely faced. With confidence restored, manufacturers would have some inducement to risk fresh capital in order to keep abreast of the times by installing the world's latest mechanical devices.

The country's dependence upon overseas trade was becoming increasingly apparent, and they must in international competition beat the foreigner at his own game, adapting themselves to circumstances which they could not control. Safeguarding—except within very circumscribed limits—was a snare and a delusion, even to those temporarily benefiting by it. On balance there must be no increase in hours or reduction in wages, but it was suicidal when entering the world arena to announce that to their competitors. The latter had consistently abused that gratuitous tip; while professing sympathy, they had, during this country's troubles, cunningly improved their position at our expense, and British artisans, who were the best in the world, had long enough pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for the benefit of foreign workers. Our leaders fight with their followers on the ground, but foreign leaders invariably kept their men in the saddle. The great coal strike was apropos. Our miners were now compelled to face longer hours and lower wages, which they were courageously doing, but it was sad to think that under wiser counsels it would not have been necessary. There was, however, one consolation in what he hoped was only a temporary hardship, viz.: they were now administering to their foreign competitors the only medicine that had any chance of forcing them to consider an international working day and living wage agreement. If, however, they set their faces against such a gesture, this country must, at whatever cost, in true English fashion preserve its birthright. If they lost their only means of subsistence, substitutes concerning hours and wages would be valueless.

The report and accounts were adopted, and a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent., together with a bonus of 2½ per cent., both free of income tax, was declared.

THE PRODUCTION OF A FAMOUS CAR

No. 2
THE FORGING SHOP

Here, those parts that are classed as drop forgings, which are hot stampings made in dies, have their origin. They range from an autovac strap end, weighing ½ oz., to the flywheel of an Austin Twenty, which weighs 1½ cwt. Operations go on day and night. This is one of the many stages in the manufacture of the Austin car, showing the part modern machinery plays in speeding up production and contributing to the Austin standard of efficiency.

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A.J.W.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

CONSIDERING the important functions that it performs, surprisingly little is heard of the Committee of the London Stock Exchange. Nevertheless, it is entitled to the gratitude of investors, because it never misses an opportunity of instituting reforms if by so doing the interests of the public can be further protected. A striking example of this occurred a few weeks back, when an issue was made in connexion with the Goodson Gramophone Record Company. The issue was heavily oversubscribed, and the number of applications ran into such large figures that considerable delay arose in issuing allotment letters and in forwarding letters of regret. In accordance with its usual custom, the Stock Exchange Committee granted permission for Goodson shares to be dealt in immediately the allotment letters were posted, but, for the reasons stated above, the letters of regret were not forwarded to applicants until some days after the allotment letters had been issued. This resulted in a certain number of applicants selling shares at the substantial premium that was ruling in expectation of receiving allotments, which expectation they considered justified as they had not received letters of regret. When the letters of regret were received, these stags found themselves in the unpleasant position of being bears in a rising market, with the result that in many cases they had to repurchase their shares at a substantial loss. The attention of the Stock Exchange Committee was drawn to this, and a rule has now been passed that in future dealings in new shares will not be authorized until not merely letters of allotment have been posted but also letters of regret.

The recent sustained stock-market activity has caused undesirable bucket-shop keepers and so-called outside brokers to renew their efforts to trap the unwary. Any reader of these notes who wishes to transact business on the London Stock Exchange, and is unable to do so because he does not know a London stockbroker, can obtain a list of members by applying to the Secretary of that institution.

EASTERN AND OVERSEAS PRODUCTS

This company has been formed in close alliance with and to extend the business in this country of the German "Aktiengesellschaft fuer Osthandel." The German company, which was established in 1921 for the purpose of trading in certain raw products in Eastern Europe and the Near East, has progressively increased its business. Its turnover in 1927 was 109 million marks, as compared with 44½ million marks in 1926 and 26 million marks in 1925. Originally the German company traded for its own account, but in 1926 a number of subsidiary companies were formed to whom the trading operations were transferred. The capital of the English company consists of 390,000 £1 ordinary shares and 200,000 1s. deferred shares. The English company has acquired 3 million marks of shares in the German company and will retain £62,500 as working capital. It will own 50% of the capital and all the reserve of the German company, and the German company will hold about 50% interest in the English company, acquired by the purchase at par of 190,000 of the ordinary shares. All the trans-

sactions of the English company are to be on a commission basis, and it is not contemplated that it will trade for its own account. The profits of the German company for the three years 1925, 1926 and 1927, amounted to £28,000, £60,000 and £115,000, which shows an average for the last three years of £68,000 per annum. As the revenue of the English company, in addition to its 50 per cent. of the German company, will be derived from a commission of 1 per cent. on estimated United Kingdom sales, commission on freight, insurance and financing transactions, taking the average figure of £68,000 as the profit of the German company, the estimated profit of the English company amounts to £65,000. This will allow for a dividend of approximately 12 per cent. on the ordinary shares and 24 per cent. on the deferred shares. As this estimate of profits is arrived at on what is believed to be a very conservative basis, it will be seen that these £1 ordinary shares possess great possibilities at the present price, which is in the neighbourhood of 23s. The directors of the English company include Lord Hardinge of Penshurst (Chairman), the Right Honourable John Edward Shortt, K.C., Dr. Paul Bonn, and Sir Edwin Dodd.

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT

In view of the undoubted improvement in the diamond industry the shares of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, appear worthy of attention. This company, as its name indicates, is a holding company; it manages and controls the Barnato group of Witwatersrand gold-mining undertakings and has considerable interest in the diamond and platinum industries. For the past five years the ordinary shares have received a dividend of 15 per cent. free of tax, while for the current year an interim dividend of 7½ per cent., free of tax, has been declared. The company's balance sheet is prepared in a conservative manner, its shareholdings being valued in the books at or under market prices ruling at the date of the balance sheet, and no credit is allowed when the market value of shares held is in excess of the book value. The present price of these shares is in the neighbourhood of 50s., at which level it will be seen that a satisfactory yield is shown. The company's dividends are paid free of tax.

NAPIER

Although the Napier Company was formed in July, 1913, to acquire the business of Napier Motors, Limited, motor-car manufacturers and general engineers, it is now solely engaged in the manufacture of aero engines. The Napier Lion engine is most extensively used in this country and is believed to be steadily gaining in favour in foreign countries. For the year ended September 30, 1924, the ordinary shares of the company received a dividend of 10 per cent., which was increased to 15 per cent. in 1925. For 1926 the dividend of 15 per cent. was added to by a capital bonus of 33½ per cent. in the form of 8 per cent. preference shares. For 1927 dividends amounting to 15 per cent. were paid. The issued capital of the company consists of 300,000 7½ per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each, 182,000 8 per cent. non-cumulative preference shares of £1, and 546,000 £1 ordinary shares. These ordinary shares are now procurable at under £3, at which level they appear a sound lock-up investment likely to show capital appreciation in the future.

TAURUS

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE
INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds Exceed £35,690,800. Total Income Exceeds £10,462,000
LONDON: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2 **EDINBURGH: 64 Princes Street**

Tokyo Electric Light Company

LIMITED

(TOKYO DENTO KABUSHIKI KAISHA.)

May 31, 1928.

To the Holders of the 6 per cent. Sterling Bonds of
TOKYO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED.

In continuation of the notice published in the London Press on April 14, 1928, the Company has determined to create an issue of 6 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds, particulars whereof will be found in the Advance Proof Particulars marked "A," dated May 31, 1928, which can now be obtained at the Offices of Lazard Brothers & Co., Ltd., 11, Old Broad Street, E.C.2, and The Whitehall Trust, Limited, 10, Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

A public issue of the 6 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds (Sterling Series) will be made by Lazard Brothers & Co., Limited, and the Whitehall Trust, Limited, on or about June 7, 1928.

Holders of the existing 6 per cent. Sterling Bonds of the Company are offered

the right to Exchange their existing 6 per cent. Bonds for Bonds of the New Issue,

subject to the following conditions:—

Any holder desiring to exchange his existing Bonds for Bonds of the new issue must fill in and sign an application for exchange (the forms for which can be obtained at the offices above-mentioned) and lodge the same at the Offices of Lazard Brothers & Co., Limited, or The Whitehall Trust, Limited, with his existing Bonds with the Coupons due December 15, 1928, and all subsequent Coupons attached on or before the closing of the Subscription List for the new issue. He will receive in exchange a ticket which, after allotment of the new Bonds has been made on the said issue, will be exchangeable for

- (a) Fully paid Scrip Certificates for a like nominal amount of the new Bonds.
- (b) A cash payment at the rate of £10 15s. od. per £100 of existing 6 per cent. Bonds exchanged.

The Scrip Certificates will entitle the Bearer in due course to receive fully paid Bonds. To the Scrip Certificates will be attached a Coupon payable on December 15, 1928, for £2 5s. od. per £100 of Bonds.

Before the existing Bonds are lodged for exchange, the Coupon due June 15, 1928, must be detached. It must be presented by the Holder for encashment in the ordinary course.

Those Holders of existing Bonds who do not wish to exchange their Bonds can obtain repayment of the same in cash at par at the Offices of Lazard Brothers & Co., Ltd., provided that they lodge their existing Bonds (ex the Coupon due June 15, 1928, but cum all subsequent Coupons) on or before June 15, 1928. Payment will be made five clear business days after deposit of the Bonds.

For TOKYO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED,
KENGO MORI,
Financial Adviser.

Copies of the Forms for the purpose of exchange can be obtained from

Lazard Brothers & Co., Ltd.,
11 Old Broad Street, London; E.C.2

and
The Whitehall Trust, Ltd.,
10 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2

A Brokerage of 5s. per £100 Bond will be paid to Bankers or other Approved Agents in respect of Bonds lodged for conversion on forms bearing their stamp.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

RULES

1. The book chosen must be named when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, and its price must not exceed a guinea.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Competition" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 324

(First of the 24th Quarter)

TWO ENGLISH BIRDS WITH BREASTS OF RUDDY HUE;
BOTH, BEYOND DOUBT, ARE QUITE WELL KNOWN TO YOU.
ONE HAUNTS OUR GARDENS, ONE'S A FAMOUS PIPER

1. Reverse a snake much larger than a viper.
2. Curtail a book of Jochebed her son.
3. Rossetti limned for us the blessed one.
4. Behead this fish, a murmuring brook is heard.
5. The refuse of the nation, in a word.
6. Clip at both ends a flattened kind of pea.
7. My heart's a heart: I may become a tree.
8. A northerner in two you now must cut.
9. Helps to keep warm and dry the lowly hut.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 322

(12TH OF THE 23RD QUARTER).

"THE ENGLISH, FOR ANCE, BY GUILF WAN THE DAY;
THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST . . . LIE CAULD IN THE CLAY."
—Jane Elliot, *A Lament for Flodden*

1. If wise, by this he scarce will be annoyed.
2. Still by the cunning alchemist employed.
3. Bayeux's bold bishop here may find a place.
4. Last phase of steeds once foremost in the race.
5. Pertaining to their own peculiar creed.
6. Amminadab his daughter next we need.
7. This cotton cloth from China did they bring.
8. Lurked on our roads when George the Third was king.
9. Eager to rush where prudence fears to tread.
10. Void though I am, curtail me and behead.
11. Of climbing Eastern parrot choose one half.
12. The prophet brought them this,—they danced around their calf.

Solution of Acrostic No. 322

F	ranknes	S	
L	imbe	C	
O	d	O ¹	¹ Half-brother of William the Conqueror.
D	og's-mea	T	Rebelle against him, and later against
D	enominationa	L	his successor.
E	lisheb	A ²	² Aaron's wife.—Exod. vi. 23.
N	anke	N	
F	oot-pa	D	
I	mpetuou	S	
bE	llo	Ws	
L		Ory ³	³ Lories are scansorial or climbing birds.
D	ecalogu	E	

ACROSTIC No. 322.—The winner is Mrs. Sparrow, The Orchards, Compton, Wolverhampton, who has selected as her prize 'The Freedom of the Seas,' by Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy and George Young, published by Hutchinson, and reviewed in our columns on May 19.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Estela, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Madge, Martha, Peter, Quis, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Armada, Boskerris, Clam, J. Chambers, Dhualt, Sir Reginald Egerton, Farsdon, Gay, Jeff, Jop, Kirkton, Met, N. O. Sellam, F. M. Petty, Rho Kappa, St. Ives, Stucco, C. J. Warden. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 321.—ONE LIGHT WRONG: Mrs. Soames.

KIRKTON.—I cannot accept "Foolishness" as an answer to Light 1. A large part of human suffering must be due to the folly of ourselves and others. For instance, fires are caused by the throwing down of lighted matches, and people get run over because they themselves, or drivers of vehicles, are looking in a different direction from that in which they are going.

YENDU.—You might as well have rejected "Veranda," because all people do not take the air on one. If some geese come to us annually from the north, that is all the Light asserts. I doubt whether Grebes fly very far at a time: they swim on the sea, as well as on fresh water. If I had wanted to indicate the Golden-eye (a bird which probably few of our solvers ever heard of) I should not have said "her way."

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